The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 48 NO. 5
MAY 1961

Year of the Butterfly

Rosemond Purviance

The Chinese have a way, it seems to me,
Of marking time that offers pure delight.
This is the year of the dog, they say,
Or the dragon or the swine.

This has been the year for us of the butterfly. . . .
From the dry cocoon on the early day
The black caterpillar spun
And hung from the top of the prismed jar
Where children's hands had thrust
A twisting, fuzzy body
In a bed of twigs and grass.

Gently! Gently!
Caterpillars squirm and childish fingers
Are unskilled in tenderness.
Thus comes the need for dying
And to know makes quick tears
When the knowing of the need
Exceeds the small circumference of a world
Surrounded by an unpierced infant wall. . . .
The question rises and the answer falls
And comfort swells and fills the in-between
To give to dying meaning
That to die is but to live.

But tears dry quickly when the heart is young,
And summer days hold magic for the eyes.

The frosty brown container splits and curls
And now the jar grows smaller — much too small
To quite contain the beauty that comes forth . . .
And jet and gold, and tipped with silver-white.
The lid is lifted,
And Pandora's eyes were never bright
To witness such as this.

It rises, flutters free
And settles down,
Pulsating softly,
On a yellow head.

The year of the butterfly is gone.
I wait,
Anticipating with an anxious joy
Another time of learning
Children's years.

The Cover: Lake Louise, Alberta, Canada
Photograph by Duncan Edwards, Free Lance Photographers Guild
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From Near and Far

I love *The Relief Society Magazine*. The lessons are helpful and so are the wonderful, inspiring stories and poems. Every word helps to strengthen my testimony, and my heart is full of thankfulness for the *Magazine*. No one reading this wonderful *Magazine* could deny the truth and words of wisdom it contains. I pray that, as one of the *Magazine* representatives, I may be the means of others obtaining and enjoying our *Relief Society Magazine*.

—Sarah Potts
Ripley, Derbyshire, England

I was Relief Society president for two years here in Cookeville. I now teach the social science class, and enjoy all the lessons which are given in the *Magazine*. The stories and poems are just wonderful, and the covers so lifelike. My children and I were discussing the March cover and remembering our trip to Canyon Lake (near Phoenix, Arizona) in 1955, when we were living in Phoenix. It is wonderful to see it on the *Magazine* in color.

—Mrs. Elsie Lee Hickey
Cookeville, Tennessee

I think *The Relief Society Magazine* is simply splendid. I have taken it since 1926. I sent a copy to a cousin of mine in England (nonmember) and she wrote thanking me for the nice little book.

—Helen McQuarrie
Salt Lake City, Utah

I would like to tell you how much I appreciate our wonderful *Magazine*. It helps me spiritually and materially in my home. I just can't be without it. For me *The Relief Society Magazine* is a treasure of knowledge.

—Mrs. Clemencia P. Golithon
Redondo Beach, California

I enjoy our *Magazine* very well. I have twenty-five bound volumes and treasure them. I also enjoy the Birthday Congratulations to our dear sisters.

—Annie E. Nielsen
Spanish Fork, Utah

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much. Two of the recent stories have been particularly moving: "Grafted" (First Prize Story, by Hope M. Williams, in the January issue); and "The Happety Road" (Second Prize Story, by Hazel K. Todd, in the February issue). I am glad the articles on Temple Square (by Preston Nibley, October and November 1960, and January, February, and March 1961) have been included in the *Magazine*. My children enjoy these bits of history as much as I.

—Mrs. Merrill Holyoak
American Falls, Idaho

I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate our wonderful *Magazine*, and what it means to me. Inside the beautiful covers lie a college education, the wonderful lessons, stories, recipes, and poems. The contents of the *Magazine* are always outstanding. I have enjoyed twelve years on the stake board, in two different stakes, as *Magazine* representative and have loved every minute of it. I have also served as a ward president in the same two stakes. Truly, I have learned the value of the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Alligee L. Anderson
Nephi, Utah

The *Relief Society Magazine* is an inspiration to all of us here in Waco, Texas. We especially enjoy the ideas for work meeting. Our homebound members surely enjoy the *Magazine*. We hope you will never discontinue the handwork features in our favorite *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Florence Hoppie
Waco, Texas

Just a note of thanks for the beautiful editorial "And Tell of Time" in the January *Magazine* (by Vesta P. Crawford). Truly, I feel that it was penned particularly for me. I have always loved that passage from Ecclesiastes around which the message was built.

—Evelyn Anderson Lee
Linthicum Heights, Maryland

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

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Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $2.00 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; 20c a copy; payable in advance. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

International Singing Mothers Concert Tour

President Belle S. Spafford

"LET Not Your Song End With Its Singing" was the concluding number of each one of a series of concerts presented in seven large centers of the United Kingdom by a Relief Society International Singing Mothers Chorus composed of 250 singers representing five countries — United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

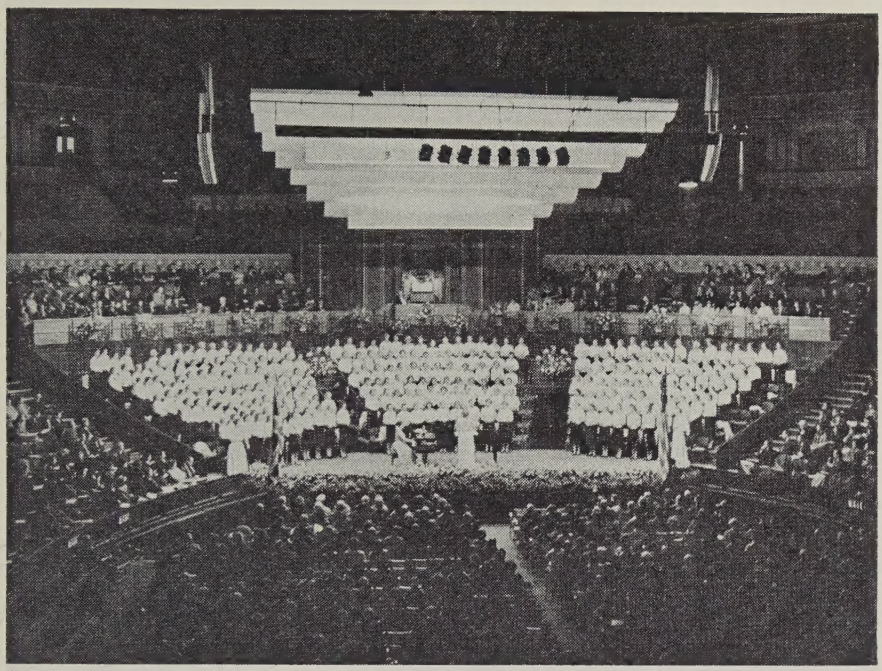
As this glorious song rang out through the great concert halls of Great Britain, one felt the prophetic nature of its message. The superbly beautiful music of these sweet-spirited mothers will not end in the concert halls, but will go on in the homes, in branches and missions, in wards and stakes of two continents, to sustain and bless our Father's children and to further his work.

In a revelation given in July 1830 to the Prophet Joseph Smith and directed to his wife, Emma, who twelve years later became the first President of Relief Society, the Lord said: "For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads" (D & C 25:12).

Throughout its 119 years of history, during which time Relief Society has spread to the far corners of the earth, Relief Society mothers have been singing mothers. They have sung with heart and voice. Yet, in all the long history of the Society, it was not until now that Relief Society members residing in more than one country had been brought together in one choral group. The recent concert tour of Great Britain, history making in its conception and accomplishments and promising for the future of the Singing Mothers program of Relief Society and for Relief Society itself, bears testimony of the blessings of the Lord to his daughters, of the power of music, and of the importance of the Relief Society in the advancement of the work of the Church.

The first International Chorus of Singing Mothers, formed at the direction of the First Presidency, was blessed in having as its conductor Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen, member of the General Board of Relief Society and eminent American conductor. Dr. Madsen has had a long and distinguished career in the field of music as soloist, composer, teacher, and conductor. It was not a new experience for her to bring together into one large choral group singers selected from many local Relief Society choruses. For a number of years she has conducted such choruses at the Annual General Relief Society Conference and at sessions of the General Church Conferences. The thousands of Latter-day Saints attending these conferences have been inspired and edified by the deeply moving music of these choruses.

Outstanding as have been her past



Courtesy Fox Photos, Ltd.

THE SINGING MOTHERS IN CONCERT AT ROYAL ALBERT HALL

performances, Dr. Madsen's great talents seemed to have reached a perfection peak in the training and conducting of the International Chorus. Sensitive to the effects desired by the composers, she developed, in a comparatively few rehearsals, the ability on the part of the singers to perform beautifully and artistically. The charm of her personality, her ready wit, the sincerity and apparent ease with which she achieved emotional and spiritual depth in her conducting, will mark her ever as a superb interpreter of song and as one of the great choral conductors of the Church. In all of Florence Madsen's activities in working with the American and British singers, she had the full support and assistance of her husband, Dr. Franklin Madsen, himself an accomplished musician and conductor.

The International Singing Mothers Chorus was fortunate, also, in having Dr. Frank W. Asper, one of America's most distinguished organists, for the organ accompaniments and for the concert organ solos. Dr. Asper has been playing the Salt Lake Tabernacle organ for more than thirty years. The dedicatory service for the organ in the new Hyde Park Chapel featured Dr. Asper. The Singing Mothers participated in that service.

IT was not an easy undertaking to bring together for several weeks of rehearsal fifty-seven women from stakes in Utah extending from Provo through Ogden; also to assemble for sectional rehearsals two hundred

Courtesy J. Walter Thompson, Ltd.

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

British women; then to transport the 250 American and British sisters to London and from this center to Manchester, to Nottingham, to Cardiff, to Newcastle, to Glasgow, and to Belfast for concerts, and then on back to Liverpool and from thence to their respective homes.

The organizational genius of the undertaking was reflected in the smoothness with which the tour moved from place to place. Planned under the competent direction of President Bowring Woodbury of the British Mission and his wife, Sister Beulah Woodbury, with the full support and co-operation of other mission presidents of Great Britain, the Manchester Stake presidency, the missionaries, local Priesthood and Relief Society leaders, as well as the General Presidency of Relief Society, the tour was conducted with the efficiency and precision of a well-oiled machine.

Travel arrangements for the American sisters to and from England were made by President Franklin Murdock, who, together with Sister Clare Murdock, accompanied

Courtesy Fox Photos, Ltd.

SISTER EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY

Photograph taken in England
February 1961

the singers throughout the entire tour. The tour manager was Elder Maurice Barnes of the British Mission. Elder Barnes was assisted by Sister Myrtle Wentworth and Sister Coleen Hamilton, of the British Mission, while Sister Evon W. Peterson represented the General Board. All of these brothers and sisters remained with the singers throughout the entire tour, as did President Spafford. President Bowring Woodbury and Sister Beulah Woodbury also traveled with the chorus a portion of the time. Every requirement of responsible assignments was met pleasantly and capably by those assigned to direct and assist with the tour, making the extensive traveling a happy and comfortable experience for the singers.

The music repertoire consisted of twenty-three sacred and secular numbers, with both British and American composers represented. Some of Dr. Madsen's own compositions were included. Each number was recognized as being among the finest in choral music. Though difficult to learn, the sisters memorized the songs and presented them with artistry under the masterful conducting of Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen. The organist, Dr. Frank Asper, the pianist, Zesta T. Geisler, the soloists, Annette Richardson Dinwoodey, Jean Taverner, and Jewell E. Cutler, the violinists, Reva Blair and Blanche Wilson, all lent great talents to impressive and soul-stirring concerts.

As the chorus moved from city to city on its memorable tour, receptive and appreciative audiences greeted the singers. Enthusiastic applause and high praise for the

Courtesy J. Walter Thompson, Ltd.

DR. FLORENCE JEPPERSON MADSEN

of the General Board of Relief Society

Director of the International Singing Mothers Chorus

Courtesy Fox Photos, Ltd.

PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD SPEAKS AT DEDICATORY SERVICE

Seated in the front row, left to right: Sister Brown, Sister McKay, President David O. McKay, Elder Hugh B. Brown, President Alvin O. Dyer.

quality of the singing and the uniqueness of the undertaking were forthcoming on every hand.

Warm welcomes were extended by Lord Mayors in a number of the cities where concerts were given. Some of these distinguished civic leaders honored the Church by attending the concerts held in their respective cities. Other distinguished persons were also present at the various concerts.

Everywhere the press was generous in reporting the event. The Newcastle press reported the concert as follows, under the heading The Singing Mothers Excel:

In the City Hall, Newcastle, last night the International Chorus of Singing Mothers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints gave a concert of sacred and secular music. This was one of a series of concerts which this body of singers is giving in seven centers in the United Kingdom. The whole concept is remarkable — 50 American singers who have come over specially for these events joined with 200 British singers, who have for some time been rehearsing sectionally, and they have formed a choir whose performance was an absolute object lesson in choral singing. Apart from the obvious fact that every member was thoroughly cognizant of the music — the whole exacting programme was sung without reference to copies — credit must be given to the expert training and inspiring conducting of Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen. . . .

The programme consisted of a varied selection of three and four-part choral items, solos by Jewel Cutler (soprano), and Annette Richardson Dinwoodey (contralto), a violin solo by Blanche Wilson and two organ solos. Some of the accompaniments were played on the organ by Dr. Frank W. Asper, who provided adequate support without ever being too loud, in spite of the temptation of the large organ, the power of which he rather devastatingly demonstrated in his solos. The rest were in the hands of the pianist, Zesta T. Geisler, whose playing was excellent. Her

accurate accompaniments were helpful to choir and soloists alike.

Of the contribution of the choir to the programme one can only speak in the highest terms.

Helped by the absence of copies, there was absolute unanimity in everything they did, with constant attention centered on their conductor, whose clear and meaningful leadership ensured splendid precision. They sang with artistic expression and never lost vitality, whether in vigorous and strenuous passages or in the quietest parts. But while praising highly their tone and the general interpretation of the music, it was that rare quality in singing, splendid enunciation, which struck me most. Such clarity, such care with adequate stresses, left the audience in no doubt about the words.

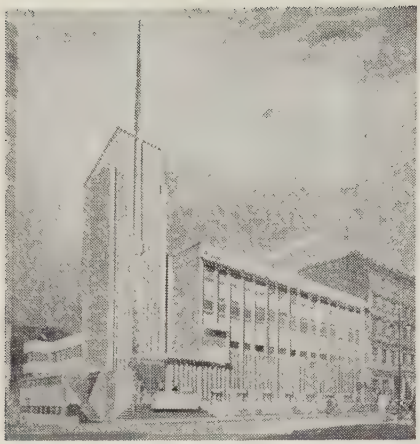
Classical, English, and American composers were represented. Only to mention a few — Handel's "Come Unto Him" was beautifully sung, as was Elgar's "The Snow." We were given an unaccustomed staccato rendering of a Bach chorus, but it was effective. An Irish song, "I Have a Bonnet Trimmed With Blue" was very taking, and Landon Ronald's "A Southern Song" was given an interpretation which warranted the repetition demanded.

Dr. Madsen, the conductor, had one composition and two arrangements in the programme, all bearing the stamp of expert musicianship, and her "Come, Ye Blessed" was given a sincere and moving rendering.

A remarkable achievement of Dr. Florence Madsen, and one which received considerable attention and commendation, was the perfect blending of the English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Western American accents into an harmonious oneness. This, however, was not the only blending. The lives of the sisters were blended as one. From the hour when the Queen Mary docked at Southampton bearing the American group until farewells were spoken at Liverpool, a spirit of love and sisterhood prevailed. The welcoming song, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," sung by sixty British singers, came ringing across the water as the ship docked and was promptly answered by "Now

Courtesy Fox Photos, Ltd.

THE SINGING MOTHERS AT HYDE PARK CHAPEL



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ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE HYDE PARK CHAPEL
Exhibition Road, Kensington, London

Let Us Rejoice in the Day of Salvation, No Longer As Strangers on Earth Need We Roam." This glorious and heartfelt singing formed a favorable beginning for loving friendships.

The most impressive and memorable of the many long-to-be-remembered occasions in which the chorus took part, was, without doubt, the dedication service of the Hyde Park Chapel in London, on Sunday, February 26, 1961, at ten A.M.

The building features many new advancements in chapel design. The spacious and attractive chapel houses a concert organ of 2,545 pipes, forty-three stops, and three manuals of sixty-one keys each. A large recreational room with a stage adjoins the chapel and may be opened to accommodate overflow congregations attending meetings in the chapel. There is a large and beautifully decorated Relief Society room, a spacious kitchen with modern kitchen equipment, and twenty classrooms. The building also has a baptismal font. Of great convenience is a basement garage designed to hold forty cars. The outside of the building is equally as beautiful as the interior. A ninety-foot tower capped by a gold leaf covered spire, rising an additional forty feet to place the spire top 130 feet above the street level, and with a narrow panel of colored glass running vertically up the tower face, is illuminated at night. It may be seen long distances, an eye-catching and inspiring sight on the London scene.

With the entrance of President and Sister McKay for the dedicatory service, accompanied by Elder and Sister Hugh B. Brown and Elder and Sister Nathan Eldon Tanner, the great gathering of saints and friends who had assembled early for the service, rose as one and stood in silent and reverent respect until our distinguished Prophet and President and his beloved and honored wife were seated. The joy of the sisters in having Sister McKay present when the women of the Church were being honored by having Relief Society Singing Mothers provide music for this auspicious occasion, was apparent in their faces as Sister McKay entered the building.

THE chorus sang with sweetness, clarity of tone, and a soul quality that were deeply moving, the following anthems:

"The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee," by P. P. Pratt and George Careless.

"Send Forth Thy Spirit," by Schuetky, arranged by Frederic F. Smith.

"Peace I Leave With You," by Roberts.

"Thy Blessing on This House, Dear Lord," words by Alberta H. Christensen and music by Florence Jepperson Madsen.

The impressive address of President David O. McKay, and the inspired dedicatory prayer pronounced by him, will live on in the hearts of the listeners. President McKay outlined the indispensable conditions to the attainment of peace. "Only by adherence to the fundamental principles of righteousness can peace come to individuals or nations," he said. He told the listeners that "The mission of the Church is to establish peace — peace in individual hearts, peace and harmony in the home, cessation of war and discord among nations." He said that peace cannot be found in external things, it always comes from within.

The following words spoken by President McKay in behalf of Relief Society as he referred to the Relief Society room, made a deep impress upon the hearts of the Relief Society sisters there assembled:

> We dedicate the Relief Society rooms and kitchen and all that pertains thereto. Bless the Relief Society and the service they are rendering, the significance of which is now becoming more clearly understood by the people of the world. Holy Father, guide the members and keep close to them, and may all the people realize what it means to have our mothers rendering service, not only to their loved ones and children at home, but through their ability as leaders of the women of the world.

The organization of the London Stake at the Sunday afternoon session, during which the Singing Mothers again sang, was a second glorious occasion of this Sabbath day.

The tour of the International Singing Mothers Chorus seemed appropriately concluded with a special temple session at the London Temple arranged by President and Sister Selvoy Boyer. A spirit of peace and well-being pervaded the soul of everyone and seemed as a benediction upon the momentous undertaking.

There were mixed emotions the morning of March 8, when sisters of five different countries who had lived together and sung together for a fortnight said their adieus. The sorrows of parting were alleviated only by the joys of returning to home and loved ones, enriched by the experiences and strengthened by the blessings that had attended the sisters throughout the tour. These sisters of different nationalities, but with the same ideals, standards, beliefs, and eternal goals, had formed deep and abiding friend-

Cunard Line Photograph

PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD AND HER HUSBAND W. EARL SPAFFORD

Aboard the "Queen Mary" on their way to England for the Singing Mothers Tour

ships. In the heart of each was sincere gratitude to the Lord for the opportunity that had come to her to be a part of this unique missionary endeavor. In the heart of each was a deepened appreciation for the gospel of Jesus Christ as restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and an increased determination to further the work of the Church. There was a firm resolve in the heart of each sister to rear her children in the love of the truth. There was an awakened desire to further develop her talents and to use them in building strong and ever-growing Relief Societies. There was a greater understanding of the true meaning of sisterhood.

To attempt at this time to measure the values that will accrue from this international Singing Mothers activity, entered into by invitation of the First Presidency, would be fruitless. Many values already shine out with crystal clearness. Others remain yet to be identified. The full measure of the value of the undertaking must be determined by time and eternity. That the Lord looked with favor upon the undertaking is attested by the abundance of the blessings which he showered upon the sisters as they traveled from place to place on their mission of love and song.

The General Presidency expresses deep felt appreciation to the First Presidency for the glorious opportunity afforded Relief Society Singing Mothers, and prays that Relief Society sisters may ever be found worthy of the trusts placed in them by the Church.

Sunflowers on a Hill

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

May upon the hillside
Wakes ten thousand suns
Looking up the airways
Where true sunlight runs.

Not a cool wing shadow,
Not a tree limb's shade
Interrupts this glowing
Light and petal made.

Where but gleaming sunlight
Fills the dazzled eye
Gold has need of purple.
Low the shadows lie.

Underneath each flower,
Dark behind each leaf,
Sun-shape, leaf-shape, stencil
Time's pre-written brief.

Contest Announcements—1961

CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1961

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The General Board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1961. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	$40
Second prize	$30
Third prize	$20

Prize poems will be published in the January 1962 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birthmonth of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the Relief Society General Board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany a poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. A *signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*

   a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

   b. That the poem (state title) is the contestant's original work.

   c. That it has never been published.

   d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.

e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1961.*

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1961 opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1961.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize $75
Second prize $60
Third prize $50

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1962. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the General Board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. The number of the words must appear on the first page of the manuscript. (All words should be counted, including one and two-letter words.) A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreements among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1961.*

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Set Your Kindred Free

Clara Lewis Jennings

Must I, behind locked doors, forever wait,
While you, who are on earth, procrastinate
Work which would set me free?
Must I cry out, unheard, forevermore,
And wait, in vain, behind this bleak, barred door
Because you would not see?

Must I, who once held loved ones tenderly,
Stretch out my arms through all eternity
While others move ahead?
Must I not know the joy of being sealed,
By this great power God has now revealed,
Because you failed your dead?

When I dwelt on the earth as mortal man,
The Lord had not revealed his gospel plan,
Which I accept as true!
I would have done my own work had I known,
And would not now be waiting here alone,
Depending so on you!

Please hear my voice before it is too late,
For you, and yours, will one day share my fate,
If you heed not my plea,
For God has spoken in this latter day,
Commanding you to open up the way,
To set your kindred free.

For in your day, the Lord has plainly said
That no man can be saved without his dead,
And so, I call once more;
As I must look to my posterity,
So must they also have the need of me.

"Men Are What Their Mothers Make Them"

Mabel Law Atkinson

IT was Saturday morning. Mrs. Ormon sat on her porch in the warmth of the May sunshine watching her husband plant their vegetable garden. Suddenly a great longing to see the boy who had helped him the year before came over her. But she knew that could not be, for he was finishing his first year at a college some distance away and would not be home till the first week in June. Even Mother's Day could not stretch their budget for an *extra* trip home.

She was roused from her thoughts by the mailman whistling the strains of "Mother McCree."

"That is worth paying for, your whistling, I mean," she called to him as he was putting her mail in their box by the side of the road.

"For that compliment, I'll bring your letter and give it to you myself. Sure and its from that big handsome son of yours away at college. It's mighty proud of him you should be."

"Thank you, Mr. McDougal, I am proud, but a little lonely, too, this morning."

"The letter will cheer you up. I'll be going along so you can read it."

With a smile Mrs. Ormon opened her letter and began reading:

Dear Mother: Wish I could be talking to you instead of writing, but that cannot be, but someday, Mother, I'll be so successful — I hope — that I can come home every Mother's Day. But this time this letter and the small remembrance I am sending must suffice.

Now, Mother, don't say, "You shouldn't have" about the gift. I couldn't think of getting a corsage for Barbara to wear last night and not remember my favorite girl on her special day.

"And who is Barbara?" I hear you ask. You would like her, Mother. She invited me to go with her to a party given by one of her sorority friends. She's beautiful, easy to talk with, and a good dancer. It was a formal affair, and Barbara looked like a million in her dress, but it was modest, Mother, which is more than I can say for some of the creations the girls wore.

You should have seen me in a Tuxedo, the first I've worn. No, dear little Mother, I didn't have to rent one so I'm not low on cash as a result. My roommate had one and he was generous enough to let me wear it. It fit perfectly. Strange how the wearing of a tuxedo made me feel important and dignified and sophisticated. If I do say so, Barbara and I made a handsome couple.

I enjoyed the dancing, every moment of it, but when we were seated for a midnight banquet and pretty little waitresses began filling the small crystal goblets with wine or champagne — I'm not familiar with such drinks, as you know, so can't say for sure — I knew a few moments of panic. It was as if hot fingers were clutching at my throat. I knew what I should do, Mother, for the Word of Wisdom has always been lived in our home. But could I be *different* and face the conse-

quences. Would it really matter to do as the rest *just this once* and be recognized as one of the crowd and belonging? I looked at Barbara and read a challenge in her eyes. The smiling waitress was but a few plates away. Indecision seemed choking me.

SUDDENLY I was a boy again: It was the morning of my twelfth birthday, a bright, sunny morning, the day I arrived at the important age when I could be ordained a deacon and begin scouting. The scout oath passed through my mind and I remembered you had given me the scout handbook to study a few months before so I would be all ready to be a real scout when I was twelve. Again I saw my birthday cake with its roses and candles and "Happy Birthday, Richard!" Once more my eyes rested on your gift, a book, *A Young Folks History of The Church,* in which you had written, "You will receive the Priesthood today. Magnify it." Again I was holding a sealed letter I found in the book. On the outside of the envelope you had written, "To be opened on your twenty-first birthday, and telling the kind of man I think you will be then."

It was as though a clean canyon breeze blew across my soul. My mind cleared. I turned to the little waitress about to fill my glass, smiled, and said, "No, thank you." Then I turned to meet the scoffing rebuke I expected to see in Barbara's eyes. Instead, I saw them light with the gladness of relief, and smiling, she, too, said to the waitress, "No, thank you." To my astonishment, several others at the table refused, and some of the filled goblets were never raised to the lips of those who had lacked the courage to say no.

When I said goodnight to Barbara at her door, her eyes were shining as she said, "Thanks, Richard. I'm so grateful to you and proud of you. I have never tasted liquor of any kind, and now I am sure I shall be able to keep my record clean. I had decided to do whatever you did."

Thanks, Mother, for all you have taught me, and thank Dad for me. Had it not been for your teachings in many different ways, I would not have been able to say no. And, Mother, I still have two more years before I can open your letter. I shall try to live so I can read it unashamed and with no regrets.

Good night, Mother, and all my love. Your son, Richard

TEARS were running gently down Mrs. Ormon's face as she finished the letter. Thankfulness welled up in her heart. She knew the sweetness of humility as she breathed a prayer of gratitude.

"Why the tears, my dear?" It was her husband who spoke. "Not tears of sorrow, I am sure, for there is a radiance in your eyes. You are beautiful, Mother, 'smiling through!' Here, let me dry your eyes." He did so, then kissed her tenderly. "Now tell me all about it."

For answer she handed him her letter. When he finished reading and turned to her there were tears in his eyes, also, and he said softly, "Emerson was right: 'Men are what their mothers make them.'"

She looked in her husband's eyes

for a long moment. There was tenderness in her voice and love and gratitude as she answered gently, "I believe you are right, my dear." She paused briefly then continued, "What a wonderful mother you must have had."

The sacred moment was broken by the click of the gate. The boy from the florist's handed her a long slender box, received her "Thank you" and went on his way.

With eager, trembling fingers she removed the wrappings, opened the box, and saw one long-stemmed perfect white rose. On the card was written: "The white rose of purity. Love, Richard."

The Evening Star

Cleo Jones Johnson

I termed it a bad day. Nothing went right. A late start to begin with, trouble with the old washer, telephone interruptions one after another, a child's broken arm, help needed on his paper route, supper unprepared, and, in addition, the anxiety of a left-too-late assignment for the meeting that night!

At the approach of evening as I stood shivering with aching cold while my fingers pried at the frozen garments on the clothesline, and my spirit was downtrodden by the pressures of the day, my glances caught the sparkle of the evening star. Its brightness all of a sudden hung there, although the sun was not quite hidden beyond the distant mountains. I stood transfixed by its beauty and the wonder of its purpose. A pale silver moon floated nearby. The strain and worry of the day, even the cold, were, for the moment, forgotten.

My eyes followed the slope of sky to the western horizon where sheets of crimson and orange flamed, edged by soft gold, by blue and purple, announcing the departure of the great ruler light of the day. The colors brought beauty to the cold, bare branches of a tree that grew as if to frame for me a great painting.

Then, as if the magic of this moment might seem incomplete, there appeared from out of nowhere a thin white line traveling slowly between the two — the glory of the sun and the sparkle of the night. It was the vapor trail of a manmade jet, another wonder of creation, leaving in its wake a series of puffs like a dot and dash message, as if to remind me that every day has its brightness; trials and troubles should bring out the best of what is in us; God is good; and life is the best of what we make it.

I thanked God for that evening star.

Lovingly Remembered

Frances C. Yost

CAROL Vickers could hardly wait for Stan to come home from work. She knew it was childish of her, but it was Valentine's Day and she knew he would bring something special for her. Stan was one man in a dozen, oh, maybe one in a hundred, or even a million! Because Stan didn't forget important days, he had a way of making every day important.

Only this morning Stan had slipped a package on her chair at the breakfast table. She had seen him doing it while she was serving the ham and eggs. It was a huge, heart-shaped box of chocolates. That alone would have been more than enough for a Valentine's present. But Stan always did things in a big way, in an appreciative way. It was this being remembered that counted.

Yes, Carol knew that when Stan walked up the driveway, he would be carrying something . . . something very special for her. The warmth of expectancy, mingled with love, filled her heart. Stan was a dream man, if there ever was one.

Sherrie, aged five, rushed into the room and said, "Mommie, let's look out the window together and watch for Daddy."

Carol took Sherrie by the hand, and together they walked to the window and sat down on the window seat. She loved this dear little girl as if she were her own flesh and blood. Sherrie's mother, Stan's first wife, Marie, had died when Sherrie was born. Stan had done an excellent job of rearing Sherrie those first three years. He had hired a housekeeper for the first year or two, then he had put Sherrie in a day nursery. She was a dear, loving, unspoiled child. Stan could be proud of her and Carol was proud of her. As much as if she were her very own. Well, she was her own, for Sherrie had called her "Mommie" since the day she had come to this house, as Stan Vickers' wife, two years ago.

"I love you, Mommie." Sherrie looked up at Carol with affection.

"I love you, too, darling." Carol curled a tendril of her blonde hair around her finger into a ringlet.

"Tell me again, Mommie, how you and Daddy met."

"Honey, you've heard it a dozen times."

"But it's my favorite story. Please tell it again."

"Well, I was a new girl in town, and my girl friend with whom I shared an apartment while I was working as a secretary, asked me to go to a special interest party with her. I went, and who do you think was at the party?" Carol smiled her loveliest at little Sherrie and winked a little as she waited for her answer.

"My Daddy."

"You are so right."

"And then what happened?" Sherrie giggled.

"Well, it's a long story. There were introductions, and dances, and punch and cookies and getting acquainted talk. Then followed church on Sundays, and dates to the movies and the concerts and more dances. Then one day a picnic with

you. And at the picnic your Daddy said: 'Carol, will you marry me, and be little Sherrie's Mommie. We both love you.' And so I did, and here I am." Carol laughed.

"You are a good Mommie." Sherrie hugged her with both little arms. Then, as if remembering they were sitting at the window, Sherrie looked out and shouted: "Here's Daddy!" She ran to swing the door open for him.

CAROL followed her to the door to greet Stan. This welcoming home was a lovely part of each day for all three of them.

After kissing tiny Sherrie and Carol, Stan handed her a green package from the florist. "A little Valentine gift, special for my darling wife."

"Stan, the box of chocolates was enough, really it was."

"Not nearly enough."

Carol turned back the oiled papers, and there they lay a dozen lovely red roses. "Oh, Stan, they're lovely, just perfectly lovely." Carol held them close to her heart, and inhaled their fragrance. "Roses are my favorite flower."

Together, they placed the roses in a tall vase and put it on a table in the living room to enjoy, then sat down to visit.

"Daddy, you were a little late coming home. Mommie and I waited and waited. Where were you so long?" Sherrie asked, climbing on his knees.

"Sherrie, dear, Daddy stopped by to put a dozen roses on Mother's grave."

Carol felt something freeze inside her. Abruptly the sunshine of the day disappeared. She leaned back against the sofa pillows. She must control herself. Of course it was good that Sherrie knew about her real mother. She and Sherrie talked about it freely between themselves, but now she was dead, did she have to come in on flowers equal with Carol's on every important occasion? Well, she had so far, that was for sure. Would she forever? Carol analyzed her feelings. It was as if she were sparring with a ghost, for Stan's love. The love he had for Marie should be dead. Dead as she was dead.

Carol fought for control of her emotions. Stan held Sherrie, and together they laughed gayly. "I'll go put the supper on the table," Carol said. As she busied herself in the kitchen, Carol congratulated herself on being a good actor. Neither Stan nor little Sherrie had even noticed that her heart was breaking. She whispered a tiny inward prayer: "Dear Father, I have a perfect husband. Help me to be big enough to live with his memories."

SHERRIE tore off the February, March, and April calendars. Then suddenly it was May. Lady Spring was reigning in all her glory. Warm golden sunlight poured over their valley like butter and honey. But the Vickers house on Walnut Street was rather quiet. Stan Vickers was out of town on business, and wouldn't be back until the latter part of the month.

It had been their plan that Carol and Sherrie accompany him on the trip, but the day before they were to leave Sherrie became ill. Stan suggested they get Mrs. Kelly, who had tended Sherrie while a baby, but

Carol said it was her place to be with her, and she wouldn't feel right leaving her behind.

Stan sighed with relief. "Well, I must admit I'll feel a lot better knowing you are with Sherrie." He kissed her goodby and took his leave.

With patient care, Sherrie soon was well again, and her dear, sweet self. Then it was Sunday morning May fourteen, and the doorbell rang. Carol hurried to answer it. "Oh," she exclaimed, as a special delivery boy handed her a big box.

"It was just flown in on the plane, Mam. It looks as if it could be flowers."

"Oh." Carol said it the way you do when something has been perfect and wonderful. "Thank you, thank you very much."

Carol closed the door. "What is it, Mommie?" Sherrie was bubbling with excitement.

"It's a dear little arrangement of pink roses, and a card which reads: 'The mother who is reading this loving note today is just about the sweetest and best in every way. She's very dear and thoughtful, so understanding, too, and to her happy family she's a blessing all year through.' "

"Why, Mommie, you're crying. Daddy wouldn't want you to cry. He sends flowers to make you happy, not to make you cry."

"It's just that I miss our Daddy, Sherrie. Hurry, darling, and put your Sunday dress on. We have an errand to do before Sunday School."

SHERRIE marked the days off on the May calendar. Then suddenly the day she had waited for arrived. Daddy was coming home! She and Carol dressed sort of special and Carol backed the car out of the garage, and together they drove to the station.

Seeing a train pull in at the station had always been a thrill to Carol. She remembered when she was a little girl, and the big black coal-fueled engines puffed and puffed. She had felt especially sad one day because the nice engineer invited her to go home with him on the big train, and her mother wouldn't let her go.

Today, when the big diesel train made its way to the station, and stopped, her heart was simply throbbing with excitement. And then there he was stepping off the train, and looking both ways expectantly.

"Here we are, Daddy!" Sherrie called and waved her hanky.

Stan was tall and handsome. His brown tweed jacket and flannel slacks hung neatly. He has such good shoulders, Carol thought. He took off his hat when he saw them, and his thick brown hair was touched softly with gray at the temples. He was hers, and she loved him very, very much. She took Sherrie's hand and they ran to meet him.

It was while they were riding home that Sherrie started relating the events of interest that had transpired in his absence. She ended by saying: "And, Daddy, Mommie put pink roses on Mother's grave on Mother's Day."

The look of tenderness Stan gave Carol was priceless. She knew that should she die, she would always be lovingly remembered.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE WOMAN'S EXPONENT: The agents of the *Exponent* and those interested in the work of the women of the Church, and in higher education and elevation of women along all the many lines that tend to the uplifting of the human race, should feel it a privilege to help maintain a paper that has done and is doing what the *Exponent* has for the benefit of womankind. . . . it has entered into every work and enterprise undertaken by women, not only here at home, the centre of women's organizations of the Church, but it has reached out all over the civilized world, and sought to bring before its readers the best work being done by women the world over. . . .

— Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY IN MARICOPA STAKE: The Relief Society quarterly conference was held in the Stake Tabernacle . . . President Mabel A. Hakes presiding. All the stake officers were present, except our treasurer who has had the misfortune to fall and break her arm. Five out of six wards were well represented with both officers and members. A good spirit prevailed, all seemed ready and willing to lend a helping hand with their means to help the poor and needy, also to assist those placed over them in rolling on this great work. Though last year was very dry considerable grain has been stored away for time of need by being sealed airtight. The insects are very bad in this hot climate. There are better prospects this year, we all want to do much more in saving grain, also beans, many fruits of all kinds. . . .

— Annie E. Fuller, Sec.

IN THE WILDERNESS OF MEXICO

Through the grass so tall and slender, reptiles drag their length along,
In their nests the birdlings tender long have hushed their vesper song.
Craggy rocks the precious metals, like unwilling prisoners hold —
Flowers, too, have closed their petals, holding dewdrops in their fold,
Like sentinels, the prickly cactus, rear their towering forms on high. . . .

— Ellis R. Shipp

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION: The seventy-ninth birthday anniversary of our revered and honored Mother in Israel, Sister Bathsheba W. Smith, was celebrated at the handsome residence of Mrs. Philo T. Farnsworth, in this city, May 3, 1901. The beautiful parlors and library were artistically decorated with flowers, flags and historic pictures, the parlors and library in sweet peas, the dining room in red and white roses and carnations. The music was by some of the best talent in the city, Prof. Joseph Anderson and Prof. A. C. Lund. . . . Sister Smith was dressed in white and looked the veritable "Queen of hearts and homes," lovable and motherly and altogether charming. Those who received with her were Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, Mrs. Jane S. Richards, Mrs. E. B. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Horne, Mrs. B. S. Merrill and Mrs. D. R. Allen. . . . A list of the names of the guests is too long for our little paper but suffice to say, it could not include all Sister Smith's friends and admirers, for they fill these valleys of the mountains and extend far away from here into other lands and climes. . . .

— Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

ELIZABETH II, Queen of Great Britain, and her husband, Prince Philip, took a journey of forty-one days through India, Pakistan, and Nepal in January and February. They attended celebrations of India's birth as a republic thirteen years ago. These countries now belong to the independent states forming the Commonwealth of Nations. All acknowledge Elizabeth as the head of the Commonwealth, but have no enforced ties, as in the colonial days; only ties of friendship and also of preferential trade and fiscal benefits. The change of these states from colonial to commonwealth status is a surprising facet of modern history. The Queen was received with great acclaim and friendliness, which she reciprocated.

SALLY BOWLES, daughter of Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles, and Nancy Gore, daughter of Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, are two of the earliest volunteers of the Peace Corps, set up in March by President Kennedy on a "temporary pilot basis," to serve abroad helping the inhabitants of underdeveloped nations. With no salaries and necessary maintenance allowances only, women will teach in primary and secondary schools, stressing instruction in the English language; and they will also assist with public health and sanitation projects, child care, cooking and preparing foods, weaving, and the like.

MRS. MARIE McGUIRE, of San Antonio, Texas, has been named by President Kennedy United States Public Housing Commissioner. She will be in charge of the Federal low-rent subsidized housing program in operation in thousands of cities and towns throughout the United States.

DR. CHARLOTTE ELMOTT, of Santa Barbara, California, was named the Los Angeles Times 1960 Woman of the Year in Education. Dr. Elmott, a clinical psychologist and former teacher, stepped down from her position as assistant superintendent of Santa Barbara Schools, division of Instructional Services, to become director of the Special Guidance Project. The program gives help — early — to the troublesome and the troubled child, thus undoubtedly saving many children from later experience with the juvenile courts.

IN banking, a field formerly dominated by men, 360,000 women are now employed as against 180,000 men, according to the National Association of Bank Women.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 48 MAY 1961 NO. 5

Train Up a Child As an Individual

ONE of the greatest responsibilities of a mother is to train and equip her children for life. As she watches them developing in their tender years, she is often impressed with the differences in their dispositions, attitudes, and abilities. The words of Holy Writ declare "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6).

A mother comes to understand that while the training she gives her children is turned toward the same goal, it requires different training for each individual child to attain the goal. Even as babies a mother notes that one has a sunny disposition while another is silent and serious. As small children she finds that one child will assert himself and grab away toys, while another will retreat within himself and make small effort to maintain his rights. Thus she must train her children differently to have them grow to adulthood living righteously and bulwarked with the inner strength and independence which will cause them to continue to do right after they have left behind the family environment.

A mother therefore studies the strengths and weaknesses of each child individually and seeks to spend a little time alone with each child, as circumstances permit. She accepts him as he is and prayerfully trains him at his point of greatest need. Sometimes the most indifferent appearing child who responds rather rudely to overtures on his mother's part, is secretly longing for affection and hiding his need for attention behind an outward hard shell. Some children seem to have innate good manners and breeding, and to be thankful for everything; others seem to feel that they are constantly misunderstood and are ever ready to voice opposition.

It was noticeable in one family that one child was always happy and contented with his Christmas presents; however, his brother always acted as if his own presents weren't as good and that the other child was especially favored. Their mother had the same objective in her training for the two — to make them appreciative of gifts which were given them, but what an extra amount of love, attention, and understanding were poured out by her on the discontented child before he arrived at the happy acceptance and appreciation which was inherent in his brother's character!

There are at least two resolutions which a mother may make which will aid her in the proper training of her children. One is to keep an open mind and find out all the circumstances of any misunderstanding before she quickly blames a child who, at first glance, may seem to be the culprit. The great example to keep before one is the perfect jus-

tice of the Heavenly Father. Many times in life unfair conditions can be endured only because one has the knowledge that justice will be done in the end.

The second resolution is to keep one's word. The Lord promises "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise" (D & C 82:10). A mother relies on this promise of the Lord and she should, in turn, earnestly seek to have her children look upon her promises as binding. Brigham Young felt this keenly when he admonished mothers, "What did you promise your little girl if she would do so and so. . . ? If she does ill have you promised her a chastisement? . . . Did you keep your word? You have not, and the child forms the conclusion in its own mind directly that the mother tells that which is not true . . ." (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1941 Edition, page 210). Children have a keen sense of justice and it is disheartening and confusing to them when mothers do not keep their word.

The example set by a mother is all important. Heavenly Father has given to his daughters the rearing of his spiritually begotten children. No other work takes precedence over the training of each individual child so that when he is old he will not depart from that training, but be welcomed back to the celestial family circle. —M. C. S.

Suburbs

Christie Lund Coles

Houses are similar along this street,
The yards are much the same in landscape, yet
Each differs from the other to complete
The total image picturesquely set
On this avenue of suburbia, where
Trees bordering the walk, flowers in bloom,
Touches of various colors here and there
Transform each small house into one called *Home*.

Here life seems calm and good; bright water sprays
Upon the lawns, while ginghamed neighbors go
To the corner store; while a small dog strays
Behind them, moving lazily and slow.
While clean and happy children jump the rope,
The visitor looks on, renewing hope.

Spring Housecleaning

Hattie B. Maughan

WHAT has become of that good old institution *spring housecleaning?* Many of you will say, "It is still with us. We all have to clean off the winter's grime." Others will say, "It isn't necessary, with modern cleaning methods and conveniences, we can keep clean all the time." Others — I hate to mention the others — will just say, "Housecleaning — what's that?"

I realize I place myself irrevocably in the generation where I belong, when I recall those good spring housecleaning days of my childhood. In our big seventeen-room house where I was born and lived until I went away to teach, spring housecleaning was a mammoth undertaking. It called for organization, co-operation, skill, and stamina. Mother was the executive who taught us the skills and supplied much of the stamina.

My father had a distinct dislike for this upsetting of the order of things. He had his own idea of order — when he left his shoes on the oven door to dry and his clothes draped on various chairs, he liked to find them there when he returned, not hidden away in closets where you had to search for them. Fortunately, he had a legitimate escape at this time of the year, for his cattle and sheep ranch about 100 miles away always needed his immediate attention when mother got that cleaning glint in her eye. He knew when it was safe to return and came laden with freshly killed beef and lamb. It wasn't just guesswork that timed his return so perfectly, for through all the busy years of many separations, while my father ran his various enterprises, he and mother kept up a constant and devoted correspondence.

For housecleaning, one other cooperation besides that of the family and the hired help was necessary — the weatherman. With the carpets on the line to be beaten, clotheslines filled with the clothes from the emptied closets, and furniture lined up for a new coat of paint or varnish, you prayed for sunshine and not storm.

From attic to cellar, every room was stripped and cleaned, curtains washed, carpets taken up and old straw padding removed; woodwork was scoured and every year or two repainted. In our household we learned to wield a paintbrush almost as soon as we did a toothbrush.

Do you remember the rag carpets of those days, woven on the hand looms of the local weaver, the miles of rag strips that had to be torn and wound into balls to make enough of the carpeting to cover a big floor; and the clean golden straw that was spread on the floor for padding before the carpet was nailed down? I can still smell that clean, fresh smell of scrubbed pine boards and fresh straw. And how nice and soft and crunchy it was to walk on a carpet with straw padding.

Cleaning the pantry and the cellar with their shelves of bottled fruit and bins of other supplies was a job mother liked to supervise personally to be sure that the cans of lye for homemade soapmaking and

the poisonous medicines got safely put back on the top shelf, where no child could touch them. She also wanted to be sure that the mouse-hole behind the flour bin was still safely plugged with the plaster of Paris she had put in it.

The boys took care of the heavier manual tasks, such as beating the dust out of the carpets and rugs, taking down and cleaning the stove-pipes, and sometimes they could be induced to engage in such effeminate tasks as window and woodwork washing. However, they much preferred the more manly tasks of piano moving or removing the leaves from the dangerously high roof and rain gutters.

This was the annual spring housecleaning and not to be confused with the weekly or Saturday cleansing which also went from upstairs to cellar, but more superficially. Just as after a Saturday's cleaning you feel good and worthy to ask the Lord to be a Sabbath-day guest in your home, as you rest from your labor and worship him, so we felt that the Lord would look with favor on our clean and orderly home and bless us throughout the year.

Today, many of our people are apartment house dwellers who know nothing of the joys of a general housecleaning splurge. Cleaning and redecorating are the responsibility of the landlord, and, if he doesn't attend to it, how simple to move to another apartment already clean and in order — simple, but stunting to the imagination and initiative of a true home lover.

Unfortunately, many people who are more permanently situated and should enjoy the pride of ownership of their homes no matter how humble, allow the disorder and accumulation of the years to pile up around them without ever *digging out*. Cleanliness is next to godliness and order is the first law of heaven.

> So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness, who was a consummate villain.
>
> —Rumford

This book of quotations has a film of dust upon it! Hmm — time for spring housecleaning.

Inside the Locket

Lorena A. White

Father's heavy old watch chain
Was eighteen carat gold.
He wore it spread across his vest,
As in the days of old.
And on the chain a locket hung,
With hand-cut cameo,
But all those years, what was inside,
We children did not know;
So, after he had passed away,
And never more would care,
We looked and found, enclosed in silk,
A lock of Mother's hair.

Buffet to Remember

Alice Morrey Bailey

A buffet supper is the answer to limited dining space and a large party. Your guests will enjoy the gay informality of serving themselves, eating where they please (furnish folding tables or TV trays for this), and will savor the evening from Chip'n Dip to the last goodnight.

MENU

Chip'n Dip

Cucumber Cool Fluff — Creamed Onions a la King

Topknots and Butter — Midas-Touch Punch

Sweet Paprika Oven-Fried Chicken

Baked Potato — Parsley Butter

Relishes: Pickled Beets, Sweet Gherkins, Black Olives, Currant Jelly

Short Bread and Lemon Arvilla

RECIPES

(In Order of Preparation)

Cucumber Cool Fluff

1 pkg. lime or lemon gelatin
1½ c. hot water
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ tbsp. horse-radish
1 tsp. salt
3 green onions (and tops), minced
1 c. grated cucumbers
½ c. mayonnaise

Prepare gelatin according to directions, except with ½ cup less water. Add lemon juice, salt. Refrigerate until thickening to set. Beat with mixer until fluffy. Mix horse-radish with mayonnaise and fold into whipped gelatin. Fold in cucumber and onion. Chill until firm. Unmold on large platter. Garnish with salad greens, carrot curls, radishes, cucumber slices (unpeeled and scored with fork), and tomato wedges.

Short Bread

1 lb. butter
2½ c. sugar
4 c. flour

Cream butter and sugar. Knead in flour. Roll into cylinder diameter of cookie desired. Bake 6-8 minutes in 475° oven, until very light brown (easily overbaked).

Boats for Onions a la King

2 c. sifted flour
1 tsp. salt
⅔ c. hydrogenated shortening (chilled)
¼ c. ice water

Sift flour and salt. Toss in grated shortening. Sprinkle with water and mix with fork. Roll out on heavy duty aluminum ⅛-inch thick. Cut into oblongs 5 x 2 inches. Moisten ends of dough and press together to form boats. Bake 10-12 minutes in 475° oven. Makes 18 boats.

Parsley Butter

1 square butter
1 tbsp. minced and bruised parsley

Work butter and parsley together. Mold into marble-sized balls. Stick colored round toothpick in each ball. Serve in bowl of crushed ice.

Topknots

1½ c. warm (not hot) water
1 pkg. active dry yeast
2 tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
3¼ c. sifted flour
1 egg slightly beaten
¼ lb. chilled butter (grated)

Dissolve yeast in water. Add sugar and let stand a few minutes. Sift salt and flour together. Toss in grated shortening. Add eggs to yeast mixture. Add yeast mixture to flour mixture and beat with spoon ten minutes. Cover and let rise in warm (85°) place. Stir down and let rise again. Divide into 32 parts. Roll 24 parts into balls and place in greased medium-sized muffin cups. Dent ball deeply in center. Divide 8 remaining parts into 3 parts each. Roll into balls and place in dents. Brush with melted butter. Let rise till double in bulk. Heat oven to 250°. Place in oven and set heat register to 350°. Bake 15-20 minutes until lightly browned, and oven is at 350°. (This recipe requires 3 hours and 15-30 minutes total time.)

Lemon Arvilla

1 tbsp. butter
¾ c. sugar
2 tbsp. flour
1 c. milk
2 egg yolks beaten
juice and rind of 1 lemon
2 egg whites, well beaten

Cream butter, sugar, and flour. Add milk and egg yolks. Add juice and rind of lemon. Fold in egg whites and place in custard cups. Bake 30 minutes in water at 350°. Chill and serve with short bread as dessert.

Midas-Touch Punch

2 6-oz. cans orange juice concentrate
1 quart apricot nectar
1 quart pineapple juice
1 c. sugar

Mix orange concentrate with water according to directions on can, and freeze into 24 cubes. Mix sugar, apricot nectar, pineapple juice, and pour over frozen orange cubes. Add about ¼ c. ginger ale to each glass of punch just before serving. Makes 24 tall glasses.

Baked Potatoes

Scrub one small to medium potato for each serving, cut off ends and brush with melted butter. Wrap in aluminum foil and bake 1½ hours at 350°, or until soft. Serve with parsley butter.

Sweet Paprika Chicken

2 to 3-pound frying chicken cut in serving sized pieces. (Allow 1 lb. for 3 servings.)

1 c. flour
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tsp. paprika
⅛ tsp. cayenne
2 eggs
3 tsp. milk
1½ c. finely chopped blanched almonds
2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. vegetable shortening

Skin chicken. Coat by tossing in paper bag with flour, salt, pepper, paprika, and cayenne. Dip in slightly beaten eggs and milk. Roll in almonds. Let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Melt butter and fat in shallow baking pan in heated oven. Place coated chicken, skin-side down, in pan. Bake 30 minutes in 400° oven. Turn skin-side up; bake until tender, about 30 more minutes in 400° oven. Serves 6.

Creamed Onions a la King

1 quart walnut-sized dried onions
¼ green bell pepper
1 tsp. salt
1 pint milk
butter-flour thickening—
2 tbsp. butter
3 or 4 tbsp. flour
½ pimento (canned), minced

Boil onions and green pepper together in salted water for 30 minutes. Do not drain. Add milk and bring to boil. Thicken with blended butter and flour. Add pimento and serve in pastry boats.

Chip'n Dip

6 oz. pkg. chive cream cheese
¼ c. milk
6 stuffed green olives (chopped)
½ c. chopped, toasted almonds.

Soften cheese with milk. Mix in rest of ingredients. Serve with corn or potato chips, cheese straws, or butter wafers.

Animal Aprons

Shirley Thulin

DO you want to know how to be a popular party hostess? Make these party cover-up aprons for your child's little party guests, and eliminate their mothers' cleaning problems.

If you are to be a hostess at your child's festivities, you can make a real hit with both the children and their mothers with these clever, easy-to-stitch snack aprons. They will save the worry of spilled punch on fancy dresses or best pants, and provide a keepsake to take home, as well.

Make bee and bear aprons for the little boys, and kitten or rabbit ones for the girls. Cut everything with your pinking shears, even the ties, so you won't have to hem anything.

Here's how to make the basic pattern: Cut an eight-inch circle of heavy paper or cardboard for the head, and a twelve-inch circle for the body. This will make an apron large enough for up to five-year-olds. If the children are older, say eight or so, the largest circle will have to be bigger, about a fifteen-inch circle.

If you wish to make the aprons sturdier, you will want to make them double, and seam all around; the single thickness, however, will do nicely.

ANIMAL APRONS FOR THE PARTY

Bee	Bear	Rabbit	Kitten
Figure 1	Figure 2	Figure 3	Figure 4

To make the bee apron, Figure 1, cut the small circle of black cotton and cut two big round eyes of bright yellow, and then cut two smaller black circles for the pupils. Cut a piece of yellow material for the nose, and a big happy mouth also of yellow. Make the body out of black, also, and stitch wide yellow strips on it. Now sew the head on the body, overlapping a little. Make two narrow strings and sew them at the top of the head to tie around the child's neck. They may be of bias tape, if you desire, or make them of the yellow or black. Now, make two wider ties to sew in the middle of the apron to tie around the child's waist.

To make the bear, cut both the head and the body of brown cotton. Also cut two round ears. From white, or from the yellow, as was used for the bee, make two big eyes (Figure 2). Draw the nose and mouth with crayon or textile paints. Stitch the head overlapping the body as with the bee apron, also make the strings to tie.

You can make the aprons more appealing to the boys, if you wish, by adding a comical touch. For instance, make the bears with one blue eye and one red one. Let your imagination be your guide.

The rabbits are made of white, with pink ears and pink eyes (Figure 3), and the cats are white, with black eyes and black whiskers (Figure 4).

You can make many different animals if you wish, just use the two circles as your guide. Print each guest's name on the back of his apron, to make them more personalized, and be sure to pass them out just before serving time.

Love Is Enough

Chapter 5

Mabel Harmer

Geniel Whitworth, a schoolteacher from Denver, Colorado, takes a position at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who works for the forest service. These friends are quite different from Ernest Wood, Geniel's friend who owns a shoe store in Denver. The schoolteachers and Mrs. Willett spend Thanksgiving at Jeff's ranch. After the pageant presented by the school, Geniel goes to Denver for the Christmas holidays.

GENIEL felt a wave of pleasure and excitement as she waited for the bus to arrive that would start her on the homeward trek. She had been too busy with the pageant and other Christmas preparations to think much about her vacation before. Now that she was actually on the way, she realized how very happy she was to be going home again.

She would travel with Marva and Christine as far as Ogden, where she would change to a bus going east and they would continue on to their Utah homes.

"This ride is going to take quite a bite out of your holiday," said Christine. "Why didn't you fly?"

"I think that bus travel is rather fun," Geniel replied. "And it will give me a good chance to relax and think. Or maybe meditate is a better word. I'll be home by morning. That isn't too bad."

"Maybe you'll get stuck in a snowdrift or a blizzard in Wyoming and have a real adventure," suggested Marva.

"Trust you to look on the shiniest side," smiled Geniel.

When the bus drove up it was so full that each of the three had to take separate seats, but Geniel didn't mind. She settled down and started her day of relaxing. The snowy landscape stretched away to the mountains, unbroken much of the way except for thin lines of fences. It had all the beauty of a Christmas card.

The passengers were chattering in a gay, carefree comraderie. Geniel supposed that most of them were on their way home — or to spend the holidays with loved ones. I hope that they are all as happy as I am, she thought in a glow of Yuletide spirit.

It would be wonderful to see all of the family again. The three months she had been away had seemed like that many years sometimes. It would be especially wonderful to be home for Christmas. The folks would already have the tree all trimmed. There would be a dozen or so gay packages underneath, so beautifully wrapped that one hesitated ever to open them.

Her sister Marcie's family would be there for the Christmas Eve party, when bright red stockings would be stuffed with small gifts for everyone.

Ernest would meet the bus in the morning, and there would be time to drive past the Civic Center with all its fabulous Christmas dec-

orations before he had to be at the store. At least, he would meet her if the bus wasn't late. If it was, maybe he would throw all caution to the winds and meet her anyway.

Of course, they would drive past his store so that she could see the window display. Last year it had been soft blue slippers hung upon a silver tree.

The miles slipped by quickly, and they arrived in Ogden just in time to see the bright lights go on. Geniel said goodbye to the other two girls and had time to eat her dinner before boarding the other bus. It was dark now, and after driving through the gaily decorated streets they started up the snow-packed canyon.

Even as the night wore on, no one seemed inclined to settle down. There was talking and laughing and, before long, there were Christmas carols with almost everyone joining in. It was midnight before the last of the passengers had finally quieted down and Geniel was able to drop off to sleep.

When the lights went on for the stop at Laramie, she looked out on a world of whirling snow and wind of almost blizzard proportions. The woman in the seat next to her said, "Well, if we're snowed in, at least we'll have a warm place to stay. It would have been much worse if we'd had to stop out there on the plains."

GENIEL failed to find much comfort in the thought. Being warm wasn't all she asked or expected of this holiday. The warmth she wanted was that of her own fireside.

They trudged inside the station to find it crowded with other stranded passengers. It was three o'clock in the morning. Geniel sat down by a young mother who was struggling with a two-year-old child while trying to hold a tiny baby on her lap. Lines of weariness etched her face.

"Let me take the baby," Geniel offered.

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed the woman in relief. "I'm on my way to California to meet my husband. We've come from Chicago and Tammy here is already so tired and cross I don't know how we're ever going to make it."

"Maybe we could put the baby down on the bench here and Tammy would let me hold her while you go and get something to eat and a bit of rest." She held out her arms. "I know a song," she said smiling.

Tammy hesitated for a moment and then allowed Geniel to take her.

The mother stood up. "Oh, thank you so much," she sighed. "It will be wonderful just to be able to take a few steps by myself." She walked over to the lunch counter and sat down.

Geniel sang softly to the little girl and by the time the mother returned, some twenty minutes later, she had dropped off to sleep.

"Now, if I could just find some place to lay her down." The mother looked around at the crowded waiting room where almost every available space was filled with the stranded passengers.

"Never mind," said Geniel quickly. "She might awaken. I would just as soon hold her. I have noth-

ing else to do. Maybe you can get a catnap somewhere."

"I'm so tired I could sleep standing up," the mother answered with a wry smile.

"Why don't you take a hotel room and rest over for a day?" asked Geniel sympathetically.

"Oh, I couldn't!" was the quick reply. "We have to get there by Christmas. Tom would be terribly disappointed."

"Of course. Well, go into the rest room and see if there is a spare sofa or chair. I'll call you if my bus decides to go."

The mother left, and Geniel sat there — for hours, it seemed. If I wanted time to relax and meditate I certainly have it, she thought grimly. Her mind started playing a game to help pass away the time. What would Ernest do under these circumstances—or Jeff, or Johnny, if either one were the driver of the bus, of course? Otherwise, he would do exactly the same thing as she was doing. Simply wait it out.

Ernest would wait it out, too. He was cautious and would never dream of taking an unnecessary risk. Jeff would do something. If he couldn't change the weather he would change the transportation. Johnny — she was almost sure — would take a chance on getting through and would more than likely make it.

The minutes ticked slowly on until the hour hand had dragged around to six A.M. before the announcer called that the bus for Denver would be departing in ten minutes. Geniel hated to disturb the mother, but there was nothing else to do. She couldn't leave a couple of children sleeping alone on a bus station bench. She took Tammy into the rest room and laid her down by her mother, and then the baby, and left them all sleeping.

Snow was still falling as she went outside, but the wind had died down and no longer whipped the icy flakes into one's face. By the time they reached the outskirts of the city, even that had stopped and the landscape glistened under an ermine mantle.

IT was her father who met the bus. "Ernest phoned that he would have to open the store," he explained, giving her a bear hug and kiss. "You know how it is this close to Christmas. He'll be around tonight."

"I'd much rather have you anyway," said Geniel brightly. "You always were my best beau. And you can tell me everything about everybody. Start with the family."

As they drove away from the station, he said, "Ernest is really doing a fine business. He's put on two more clerks. He's talking now about opening another store."

"I said *the family*," Geniel reminded him. "Who picked out the tree this year? Can Trudie say more than six words? Did Mom bake fruit cakes for the entire county, as usual?"

"Certainly Trudie talks," replied her father proudly. "She even sings and recites poems. Kevin is the star of the kindergarten set and all the little girls are in love with him. He says so himself."

Geniel laughed. "Everyone sounds utterly delicious! It's wonderful to be home — and to have a family like ours."

There was a big wreath on the front door and a snowman in the

front yard, the joint project of Kevin and himself, her father explained. Inside, there were hugs and kisses and a welcome that made Geniel exclaim, "You'd think I'd been gone for years and across a couple of oceans!"

Her own room looked so comfortable and inviting that for a moment she thought, why did I ever leave? And how can I ever go back?

She had to leave almost at once, however, to do her own Christmas shopping. When her mother deplored the fact that she would have to jostle the last minute crowds, Geniel answered, "Oh, but I love it. It's much more exciting than to buy months ahead. I like the decorations, the chimes, even the crowds are fun."

She left right after lunch and by evening she was thoroughly tired, not only from the jostling crowds but from having missed most of her sleep the night before. When Ernest phoned that he would be late she was very much tempted to tell him not to come at all, but decided that wouldn't do.

It was half past nine when he finally arrived and she quickly decided that she was glad she had let him come. He looked so well-groomed, so self-assured, so sort of substantial. Even his slightly thinning hair seemed to give him a look of distinction.

They talked briefly of her experiences and at considerable length of his present set-up and future plans. "I'm going to buy Buford out the first of the year," said Ernest. "I'm sure I can do better going it alone. Eventually, I hope to open up additional stores out in the suburb shopping centers."

"I'm very proud of you," said Geniel sincerely. "You have done remarkably well in a comparatively short time."

"Considering that I started as a clerk, I haven't done too badly," he agreed.

He left early, since both of them were tired and needed a night's rest more than visiting.

THE next day Geniel took her part in filling the red felt stockings. Her mother stuffed them, for the most part, with small items she had collected all through the year, but others in the family did their share, too. There were ten of them this year, Marcie, her husband, and three children, the elder Whitworths, two aunts, who lived alone, and Ernest.

Geniel had picked up a few items while doing her other shopping and had a cunning jack rabbit that hopped crazily along at the end of a tiny rubber hose. She slipped it in Ernest's stocking, then took it out again and put it in her own. Johnny would love this, she thought, just a trifle guiltily, and Ernest will think it is silly.

Just before they sat down to dinner, a florist delivered a box containing a dozen deep red roses. Sid, her brother-in-law, had answered the door and he made the most of the occasion. "Now don't tell us that these are from Santa Claus," he begged, handing them over to Geniel.

She gasped in surprise and some confusion as she read the card, "Happy Holidays. Jeff."

"Come on — give . . ." Sid continued. "Who is the secret admirer?"

"Why — it's my landlady's nephew," replied Geniel, her cheeks flushing. "What an extraordinary thing for him to do."

She hadn't consciously intended to make it sound as if the nephew were about nineteen years old — an irresponsible nineteen at that, who did impulsive things like sending roses to a schoolteacher. Yet, from the remarks that followed she knew that was exactly what they all thought.

She was still in something of a rose-colored daze when the gifts from beneath the tree were handed around to be opened. As her father dropped Ernest's gift into her lap, the others looked at her expectantly. It was a small box with the wrapping of a well-known jeweler. She tried to open it casually and was charmed when she found a pin, fashioned of exquisite gold leaf with a single emerald in the center.

Soon afterwards the children went off to their own home, leaving willingly, so that Santa would find them in bed.

"You'd better leave the loot here that you collected in that stocking," Ernest advised Kevin, "if you hope to get a refill."

The boy was not at all alarmed. "I've asked for a sled, and it won't go in my stocking anyway," he answered calmly.

On Christmas day they made the usual rounds to the homes of friends and relatives. Just before leaving the night before, her Aunt Nina had said, "You must be sure and come to my open house tomorrow. It will be the last one. I'm selling the big place and moving to an apartment."

As they drove up to the big, almost mansion-size house, Geniel wondered, "So Aunt Nina is really going to give up her home! It will seem strange not to come here any more. As long as I can remember this has seemed almost like a second home to me."

"Yes," said her mother. "It does seem rather too bad to have to give it up. But Nina can't live here alone any longer. It's more of a burden than a pleasure now."

Geniel wandered through some of the rooms, looking at them with a feeling of deep nostalgia. In the library she paused and studied the cases filled with books, many of them rather choice. Going back into the dining room, she asked, "What are you going to do with all of your books, Auntie?"

"Sell them to the secondhand dealers for the most part, I suppose," was the answer. "If there are any you would like, you're more than welcome to take them."

"Thanks." Geniel's face lighted up as a very intriguing idea hit her consciousness. "Just how far does that invitation extend?"

"Why, all the way. I can take only a small number to the apartment. You're really quite welcome to take any you can use. They bring such a small price on the market anyway."

"I'll be over first thing tomorrow," Geniel promised.

SHE could hardly wait to get over to her aunt's home the next day. There were books — hundreds of them — and hers for the taking. She could start a library for the Blayney school children. For that matter, it would make a wonderful start for a town library.

It was just a few minutes after nine when she arrived at the house. "Merciful goodness, child!" exclaimed Nina. "Do you realize that this is the first day after Christmas and that you are home on a vacation?"

"Oh, sure," she smiled. "I also realize that I have just found a gold mine, and I'll have to make the most of my opportunity to get some pay dirt. I'll start sorting the books today and arrange for some packing boxes as soon as I can. Ernest will probably help me out with those. Then all I have to do is find a way to get them up to Blayney and we'll have a grand start towards a library."

"It all sounds very simple. Do you mind if I sit here and watch you slave away your holiday?"

"Please do. Then you can check on what I take. There must be some of these you'll want to keep."

"I've already packed them away. You have an open hand now on whatever is left."

For a wild moment Geniel wondered if there wasn't some way she could ship the entire library to Blayney, but she quickly realized that was neither feasible nor even desirable. She wished that there were more children's books. There was little, quite naturally, that could be considered below the fifth grade reading level.

She hesitated over an encyclopedia set that was twenty years old, and finally decided that it was better than none at all. "There must be a few facts that haven't changed in the past twenty years," she observed.

She pulled out books and stacked them until her arms ached, with only a brief stop for lunch.

That evening she went to the Ballet de Russe with Ernest. It seemed so wonderful to be in a real theatre again. There was no doubt about it, a city had a great many advantages to offer. Just to be able to walk into a fine, large library was one she had never fully appreciated before.

How glad she was that she had agreed to come! At first she had felt she might be too tired after the exertions of the day, but now all weariness dropped away. She felt as if she could almost join in the dance.

In the exhilaration of watching the lovely "Sleeping Beauty" ballet, she smiled at Ernest and slipped her hand into his.

THE next day he sent half a dozen large cardboard boxes over to Nina's house and Geniel began packing her loot, as she called it. "I'll just have to store them in Dad's basement until I find some way of getting them over to Blayney," she said. "Unless, that is, I decide to rent one of those 'Drive it yourself' trucks and take them back along with me."

"I wouldn't put it past you one iota," declared her aunt. "Something up in that country has certainly taken hold of you."

"As a matter of fact, I don't know what I'd do with them, if I did take them over now. I still have the problem of finding a place for them. But if I can rustle the books, the rest of the population ought to be able to find some place to put them."

She stuck to her task until all the books she had chosen were stored in the basement of her father's home. She was so excited about

the project that she felt she had to tell someone, so she dropped a note to Mrs. Willett, mentioning at the same time that she would be returning by plane.

The rest of the week passed swiftly. There were holiday parties with friends, a day at Marcie's with the children, and a symphony concert with Ernest.

"You're sure that you don't want to turn this ticket in for one on the bus?" he teased as he took her to the airport.

"Oh, I'll get a bus ride, too," she answered quickly. "The plane lands at Idaho Falls. I'll still have another forty miles to go on the ground. That will have to do for this time," she assured Ernest as she went through the gate.

The day was clear and the ride over the snowy mountains was sheer delight. Almost too soon they swooped down on the airfield and she walked down the landing steps.

At the railing stood Jeff, bareheaded in the wintry breeze, eyes smiling.

"Oh, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "You shouldn't have come all this way to meet me! Did Mrs. Willett. . .?"

"Nope. She didn't send me. All she did was to mention that you were flying in today and since I had to come over one day this week on business anyway, I decided it might as well be today."

"Then I'll welcome you with open arms. . . ."

"Okay. Open!"

"Come along," she laughed. "Let's get my bags and find out what kind of pie Mrs. Willet has for supper tonight."

(To be continued)

Earth House in May

Caroline Eyring Miner

Her floor brushed clean by winds of bustling March,
And scrubbed and polished by young April's rain,
She moves about the barren rooms with touch
Of magic, placing hyacinths with stain
Of morning sky, and scalloped daffodil
Gold-filled with brightness of the captured sun.
The same bright gold she sprinkles on the hill
Where poppies burn, on buttercups, each one
A sunbeam by the stream. The sunset glow
She forms in tulip cups along the walk,
With lilac plumes, heady with scent, to go
With slim forsythia's trailing sun-touched stalk.

With wonder, we walk starry-eyed to see
The earth house decked in rainbow finery.

Martha Wilcox Hacking, Mistress of Many Hobbies

MARTHA Wilcox Hacking, Firth, Idaho, finds much pleasure in the skillful use of her varied talents, which include knitting, crocheting, china painting, ceramics, copper tooling, and writing. During the past year, her eighty-third, she has knit thirty sweaters for her children, grandchildren, and friends, who lovingly call her "sweater girl." Her needlework has taken blue ribbons in fairs in Canada and in Idaho. She has made many bedspreads and hundreds of doilies, and has crocheted and embroidered tablecloths. Sister Hacking has an unusual talent for remodeling clothing, and is able to make beautiful articles from cast-off clothing. A collection of her poems, written for special occasions, is being published.

All her life she has been active in executive and teaching positions in the Church auxiliary organizations. She is mother to ten sons and one daughter and has also given a home to three grandchildren and three other relatives. Her greatest talent of all is friendship, freely given and generously returned. Thousands of all ages who have known her over the years fondly speak of her as special friend and counselor.

The Recipe

Marion Ellison

THE recipe calls for six eggs, but I have only four. I should beat it four minutes but to save time I'll beat it only two. Bake at 300 degrees, it says here. It will cook faster at 400, I'm sure. Do you smell something burning? There! Look at my lovely cake! Ruined! I'll never use that recipe again!

Magazine Honor Roll for 1960

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

EACH year through an article in *The Relief Society Magazine*, the General Board seeks in one way to express its gratitude and heartfelt thanks to every *Relief Society Magazine* representative and Relief Society presidencies for the faithful performances of their important responsibilities to place the *Magazine* in the home of the sisters residing in their stakes and missions. As the Relief Society continues to grow, it is gratifying to see the *Magazine* subscriptions also increase with the growth in membership, taking into account the sisters throughout the Church who do not read English.

During 1960 the number of subscriptions increased by 8,413, from 162,589 in 1959 to 171,002 in 1960 — a gratifying increase. This increase reflects the faithful performance of thousands of devoted, dedicated women who have accepted the call to serve in behalf of the *Magazine* as all calls are accepted in Relief Society — for a love of Relief Society work and a testimony of its worth. The General Board also thanks the Relief Society membership generally for their appreciation of the *Magazine* and their loyalty to it. Pleasure is often voiced in the fact that the Relief Society lessons appear in the *Magazine* as well as the other features. It preserves the original, literary work of the Latter-day Saint women today as were the literary works of our pioneer sisters preserved in *The Woman's Exponent*. As the Church is being more widely recognized, so is *The Relief Society Magazine*. Increasingly subscriptions are taken in the names of hospitals, libraries, and clipping bureaus.

In stakes achieving prominence on the Honor Roll, we find the South Los Angeles Stake making first place for the fourteenth consecutive year with a percentage of 210 and with the largest number of subscriptions — 1463. Of the ten highest, in percentages, the first four places are taken by stakes in California, three in Idaho, two in Arizona, and one in Nevada. The eleventh and twelfth stakes were in New Zealand and Canada. It is thrilling to contemplate the oneness of Relief Society sisters everywhere which is nourished by the common heritage of a *Magazine* of their own.

There are 284 stakes on the Honor Roll in 1960, which is twenty-six more than the previous year, and 2,214 wards, an increase of 198 wards. Twenty-four stakes achieved at least 100 per cent in all their wards. The mean of all the stakes with listed percentages rose from ninety-one per cent in 1959 to ninety-two in 1960. (College stakes have only limited participation.)

The missions are to be highly commended for having twenty missions achieve Honor Roll status, an increase of four over last year. Highest honors go to the Western States Mission of the United States with 125 per cent. The second, third, and fourth places go to our English-speaking sisters of the Canadian Mission with 120 per cent; the Western Canadian Mission placing third with 117 per cent; and the

British Mission placing fourth with 107 per cent. These records are indeed outstanding and noteworthy. Fifteen other missions in the United States won places on the Honor Roll and the General Board welcomes the Southern Australian Mission in addition. Some of these missions are on the Honor Roll for the first time in their history. The mean of the missions on the Honor Roll rose from ninety-one percent in 1959 to ninety-three percent in 1960. The Northwestern States Mission led in the total number of subscriptions with 1,048.

The hearts of Relief Society members glow with the warmth of understanding and love which is shared through the words of counsel, inspiration, and expressions of a common bond which are to be found in *The Relief Society Magazine*. Many sisters are made glad by receiving a gift subscription offered by a loving sister who may never see the recipient. Gifts from stakes are shared among missions, with missionaries, investigators, and faithful sisters. Many a youth who can read English sits by the side of a devoted Relief Society mother to read from the *Magazine* by a flickering, small light. The sisterhood lights the way, and the General Board holds the generosity of Relief Society members in close remembrance.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 210%
Magazine Representative — Amelia Dellenbach

Ward

Salinas Second Ward, Monterey Bay Stake (California) 383%
Magazine Representative — Jeanne McClure

Mission

Western States Mission — 125%
Mission *Magazine* Representative — Ada S. Christiansen

Mission District

West Nebraska District, Western States Mission — 159%
Magazine Representative — Irma M. Chandler

Mission Branch

Hopkinsville Branch — 380%
Kentucky West District, East Central States Mission
Magazine Representative — Charlie Hamner

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	210	Amelia Dellenbach
Huntington Park	194	Rachel Liston
Glendale	161	Beda Nelson
Inglewood	137	Janet C. Medina
Rexburg	129	Beth Moore
Phoenix	129	Marie S. Heywood
Burley	127	Virginia Nichols

Shelley	120	Beth M. Clawson
Phoenix North	119	Rose Openshaw
Las Vegas North	119	Lila H. Leavitt

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

Western States	125	Ada S. Christiansen
Canadian	120	Frances J. Monson
Western Canadian	117	Lila A. Arave
British	107	Beulah Woodbury
Northwestern States	100	Verna Geneal L. Wood
Northern States	98	Mary E. Maycock
Eastern States	97	Olive L. Smith
Northern California	97	Leta C. Pugh
Central States	96	Marcella Meador
West Central States	95	Hazel Woolley

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	1463	Sugar House	940
Huntington Park	1239	South Idaho Falls	921
Glendale	1139	Big Horn	903
North Idaho Falls	1024	Davis	890
Ensign	975	Bonneville	889

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
Northwestern States	1048	British	843
West Central States	1001	Northern States	840
Central Atlantic	990	East Central States	749
Central States	896	Great Lakes	745
Southern States	845	New England	739

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Over

Albuquerque	Della Smith Miller	Phoenix	Marie S. Heywood
Burley	Virginia Nichols	Phoenix North	Rose Openshaw
East Long Beach	Ethel M. Lemons	Pocatello	Ann Egbert
East Pocatello	Ruth Pearson	Rexburg	Beth Moore
Glendale	Beda Nelson	St. Joseph	Nira P. Lee
Granite	Wilma D. Wetzel	St. Louis	Tessie Lake
Highland	Dorothy L. Saley	Shelley	Beth M. Clawson
Holladay	Ruth C. Andrus	South Bear River	Vilate Archibald
Huntington Park	Rachel Liston	South Idaho Falls	Violet Jaussi
Inglewood	Janet C. Medina	South Los Angeles	Amelia Dellenbach
Las Vegas North	Lila H. Leavitt	West Covina	Lucille C. Hales
Parleys	Hazel S. Robison	West Pocatello	Alta Holmes

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

Western States	125	Northwestern States	100	Central States	96
Canadian	120	Northern States	98	West Central States	95
Western Canadian	117	Eastern States	97	North Central States	89
British	107	Northern California	97	Great Lakes	84

Gulf States	83	Central Atlantic States	78	Southern States	75
California	82	Southern Australian	77	Eastern Atlantic States	75
New England	79	East Central States	77		

Stakes by Percentages—1960

South Los Angeles	210	Granger	104	Rigby	97
Huntington Park	194	New York	104	Santa Rosa	97
Glendale	161	West Boise	104	Grantsville	97
Inglewood	137	St. Louis	104	Bear River	97
Rexburg	129	South Salt Lake	104	Denver	97
Phoenix	129	San Diego	104	Wasatch	97
Burley	127	Weber Heights	103	Ashley	96
Shelley	120	East Phoenix	103	Liberty	96
Phoenix North	119	Torrance	103	North Rexburg	96
Las Vegas North	119	New Jersey	103	Franklin	96
Auckland	115	Parleys	103	Panguitch	96
Toronto	114	South Bear River	103	Fresno	95
Whittier	114	Mill Creek	103	Ogden	95
Yuma	113	Orange County	103	North Davis	95
San Joaquin	113	Kansas City	102	Juab	95
Minidoka	112	North Tooele	102	Moapa	95
Walnut Creek	111	West Pocatello	102	Palmyra	95
South Idaho Falls	111	Burbank	101	Uintah	95
Las Vegas	111	Nampa	101	North Box Elder	95
Virginia	110	Lake View	101	Weiser	95
East Long Beach	110	Pasadena	101	Ensign	94
Nyssa	110	Boise	101	Lost River	94
Holladay	110	Reseda	101	Tacoma	94
Box Elder	110	Sugar House	101	Yellowstone	94
Santa Ana	110	East Mesa	101	San Fernando	94
St. Joseph	109	Sevier	101	Cache	94
Santa Barbara	109	Wells	101	Santa Monica	94
East Pocatello	108	Provo	100	Taylorsville	94
Monument Park	108	Calgary	100	Sacramento	94
Pocatello	108	Chicago	100	Valley View	94
Oquirrh	108	Vancouver	100	Grant	94
Albuquerque	107	Wilford	100	Portland	94
Highland	107	Union	100	Snowflake	94
West Covina	107	Bountiful	100	Taber	94
San Diego East	107	Lethbridge	100	Farr West	93
Idaho Falls	107	Mt. Rubidoux	100	Pikes Peak	93
Bonneville	106	Mt. Graham	100	American Falls	93
Granite	106	San Bernardino	99	Bannock	93
Temple View	106	East Rigby	99	Emigration	93
North Idaho Falls	106	Twin Falls	99	Kolob	93
Great Falls	106	West Utah	99	Rose Park	93
St. Johns	106	Beaver	98	Grand Junction	93
East Idaho Falls	106	Malad	98	Oklahoma	93
North Pocatello	106	Taylor	98	Palo Alto	92
Woodruff	106	Young	98	Big Horn	92
Long Beach	105	Monument Park West	98	Philadelphia	92
Olympus	105	Norwalk	98	Sharon	92
Juarez	105	Gridley	98	Edmonton	92
Denver West	105	East Los Angeles	97	San Jose	92
Cassia	105	Maricopa	97	Columbia River	92
Covina	104	Monterey Bay	97	Tucson	92

Idaho	91	South Davis	84	South Ogden	78
Reno	91	Minnesota	84	Indianapolis	78
North Jordan	91	Puget Sound	84	Duchesne	78
Florida	91	Grand Coulee	84	Lorin Farr	78
Nebo	91	Millard	84	West Sharon	78
St. George	91	Pioneer	84	Carbon	77
Blackfoot	90	Riverdale	84	Ben Lomond South	77
Mt. Jordan	90	Murray	84	Parowan	77
Star Valley	90	Riverton	84	Salt Lake	77
Tooele	90	Murray South	84	Shreveport	77
Cottonwood	90	New Orleans	83	Summit	77
East Sharon	90	Garfield	83	South Sevier	77
Cheyenne	90	San Mateo	83	Layton	76
Richland	90	South Summit	83	Hillside	76
Benson	89	Bountiful South	82	Palomar	76
East Mill Creek	89	Cincinnati	82	East Ogden	76
Seattle	89	Timpanogos	82	Hamilton	76
Southern Arizona	89	Spokane	82	North Carbon	75
University West	89	Emery	82	Dallas	75
Butte	89	Teton	82	Granite Park	75
Los Angeles	89	Mesa	82	Midvale	74
Portneuf	89	Ben Lomond	82	Mojave	74
Davis	88	Gooding	81	Willamette	74
Tulsa	88	Salmon River	81	Cedar	74
Blaine	88	East Cache	81	Brisbane	73
Deseret	88	Springville	81	Melbourne	73
Honolulu	88	Kearns	81	Lyman	73
East Provo	88	Mt. Ogden	81	North Sacramento	72
Uvada	88	Flagstaff	81	Weber	72
Missoula	88	Montpelier	81	Canyon Rim	71
Napa	88	North Seattle	81	East Jordan	71
Raft River	88	Winder	80	San Antonio	71
Zion Park	88	Alpine	80	Wayne	70
Detroit	88	North Weber	80	Yakima	70
Miami	88	Sandy	80	South Carolina	69
Park	88	Kearns North	80	Nevada	69
San Juan	88	Humboldt	80	Gunnison	68
Mt. Logan	87	North Sanpete	80	Orem	68
Cannon	87	Redondo	79	Houston	66
Oakland-Berkeley	87	Santaquin-Tintic	79	Sydney	65
Spanish Fork	87	Bountiful North	79	Orem West	65
Washington	87	American River	79	Tampa	63
Alberta	87	Moroni	79	El Paso	61
Orlando	86	San Luis	79	Atlanta	61
San Francisco	86	West Jordan	79	Lewiston	59
Bakersfield	86	Klamath	79	Manchester	55
San Luis Obispo	86	Oneida	79	Oahu	36
Kanab	86	South Sanpete	79		
North Sevier	86	Bear Lake	79	*Utah State University	
Riverside	85	Lehi	78	*Brigham Young	
Hayward	85	Hyrum	78	University	
Clearfield	85	Morgan	78	First Stake	
Utah	85	Logan	78	Second Stake	
South Blackfoot	85	Roosevelt	78	Third Stake	
Lake Mead	85	Smithfield	78	(*Limited Participation)	

Cedar West, Hawkes Bay, Redding, and Winter Quarters reports are included in the respective stakes and missions of which they previously formed a part.

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1960

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta	713	618	87	Viola B. Wynder
Albuquerque	456	490	107	Della Smith Miller
Alpine	1125	903	80	Marvel D. Sunderland
American Falls	367	342	93	Erminnie Johnson
American River	515	407	79	Norma Pezely
Ashley	461	442	96	Maryetta Wardle
Auckland	190	219	115	Margaret Ottley
Bakersfield	488	420	86	LaRue S. Pettit
Bannock	352	328	93	Ida Sorenson
Bear Lake	514	404	79	Jean P. Budge
Bear River	527	510	97	Lottie R. Potter
Beaver	522	512	98	Alltha Gillins
Ben Lomond	423	345	82	Florence Campbell
Ben Lomond South	414	318½	77	Geneva Pace
Benson	584	519	89	Tess Christensen
Big Horn	877	807	92	Christine Harvey
Blackfoot	655	591	90	Lucille Wareing
Blaine	300	265	88	Vera E. Clifford
Boise	553	558	101	Effie Baxter
Bonneville	835	889	106	June W. Kasteler
Bountiful	504	502	100	Mary S. Waddoups
Bountiful North	518	410	79	Euphamia H. Terry
Bountiful South	496	408	82	Louise S. Hanson
Box Elder	755	828	110	Eugenie M. Larkin
Burbank	668	678	101	Melba E. Andelin
Burley	650	828	127	Virginia Nichols
Butte	463	410	89	Harriet Millecam
Cache	603	567	94	Alice D. Griffin
Calgary	408	408	100	Vernetta Reed
Cannon	492	429½	87	Elda L. Hailes
Carbon	722	557	77	Gertrude W. Edwards
Cassia	384	402	105	Claudia Martin
Cheyenne	323	290	90	Rose Eads
Chicago	605	605	100	Hazel G. Kitch
Cincinnati	276	227	82	Mildred Bang
Clearfield	585	497½	85	Inez N. Kruitbosch
Columbia	741	680	92	Irene M. Oswald
Cottonwood	605	545	90	Mabel R. Baker
Covina	497	519	104	Ardella Hackford
Dallas	354	265	75	Mona K. Watson
Davis	1006	890	88	Sarah B. Strong
Denver	433	419	97	Jean Caine
Denver West	392	411	105	Phyllis Mohler
Deseret	746	659	88	Leatha Bennett
Detroit	423	371	88	Reta V. Cameron
Duchesne	402	312	78	Ardith Johansen
East Cache	807	655	81	Elizabeth E. Steed
East Idaho Falls	300	317	106	Sarah Owens
East Long Beach	544	600	110	Ethel M. Lemons
East Los Angeles	692	674	97	Valerie C. Baisley
East Mesa	874	879	101	Elva M. Brown
East Millcreek	548	487	89	Ethel B. Grupper
East Ogden	699	528	76	Lucille Stratford
East Phoenix	706	730	103	Geneva Cluff
East Pocatello	508	549	108	Ruth Pearson
East Provo	571	503	88	Jane S. Watkins
East Rigby	622	617	99	Angie B. Egan
East Sharon	557	501	90	Hildegard P. Nicholes
Edmonton	257	236	92	Grace V. McCurdy
Emery	724	592½	82	Edith Collard
Emigration	531	494	93	Adeline Jensen
Ensign	1032	975	94	Pearl L. Whitney

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1960

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Farr West	620	578	93.	Bertha H. Palmer
Flagstaff	447	362	81	Mavis L. Hyde
Florida	506	461	91	Vera Williams
Franklin	808	773	96	Phyllis W. Kingsford
Fresno	591	562	95	Virginia Vetterli
Garfield	294	245	83	Lula Moore
Glendale	708	1139	161	Beda Nelson
Gooding	588	478	81	Agnes L. Shaw
Grand Coulee	531	446	84	Amy Kent
Grand Junction	488	453	93	Josephine Prinster
Granger	615	641	104	Veda L. Dew
Granite	623	663	106	Wilma D. Wetzel
Granite Park	627	468	75	Lythia J. Street
Grant	775	725	94	Consie Wynn
Grantsville	522	506	97	Lucille G. Anderson
Great Falls	315	333	106	Glenna MacDonald
Gridley	622	606½	98	Ellen K. Christensen
Hamilton	360	272	76	Ellen Blair
Hayward	661	563	85	Aura B. Kirk
Highland	551	588½	107	Dorothy L. Saley
Hillside	1033	783½	76	Mae M. Hickman
Holladay	645	710	110	Ruth C. Andrus
Honolulu	440	388	88	Michiye Kanashiro
Humboldt	246	196	80	Margaret E. Dahl
Huntington Park	640	1239	194	Rachel Liston
Hyrum	679	530½	78	Rhoda M. Thorpe
Idaho	434	397	91	Elizabeth R. Stevens
Idaho Falls	468	499	107	Erma W. Boyce
Indianapolis	342	266	78	Hazel M. Brinson
Inglewood	584	800½	137	Janet C. Medina
Juab	519	492	95	Alligee L. Anderson
Juarez	99	104	105	Fannie B. Hatch
Kanab	465	399	86	Effie L. Sorensen
Kansas City	388	395	102	Venna T. Witbeck
Kearns	395	320	81	Helen S. Clayton
Kearns North	454	364	80	Eileen W. McGuire
Klamath	533	421	79	Marion Sander
Kolob	558	519	93	Hilda W. Cherrington
Lake Mead	432	366	85	Magda Potter
Lake View	753	761½	101	Mable Burgener
Las Vegas	498	551	111	Helen S. Toolson
Las Vegas North	389	462	119	Lila H. Leavitt
Layton	714	546	76	Beverly W. Stevenson
Lehi	679	531	78	Rosa Ashton
Lethbridge	560	558	100	Thelma E. B. Derochie
Liberty	759	729	96	Luella L. Birrell
Logan	588	459	78	Eva L. Berntson
Long Beach	610	643	105	Margaret P. Bodine
Lorin Farr	701	544	78	Ella N. Christensen
Los Angeles	649	575	89	Verda M. Cohen
Lost River	320	302	94	Edna M. Hansen
Malad	553	541	98	Maude Y. Jensen
Maricopa	779	758	97	Muriel Freeman
Mesa	973	794½	82	Edith D. O'Barr
Miami	254	223	88	Violet Anne Pettley
Millard	598	502	84	Josephine Wadsworth
Millcreek	404	414	103	Martha J. H. Matern
Minidoka	608	681	112	Margaret H. Merrill
Minnesota	310	261	84	Bonnie Hansen
Missoula	456	401	88	Norma Ludlow
Moapa	286	271	95	Era C. Jones
Monterey Bay	356	346	97	Louise Johnson

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Montpelier	776	627	81	Lola McCammon
Monument Park	417	450	108	Sara Stone
Monument Park West	594	580	98	Madelon B. Sanders
Morgan	366	286	78	Manilla W. Carter
Moroni	396	313	79	Ida Allred
Mt. Graham	657	654	100	Annie B. Larson
Mt. Jordan	423	381½	90	Rose A. Brown
Mt. Logan	729	637	87	Lola H. Gibbons
Mt. Ogden	638	517	81	Charlotte Dean
Mt. Rubidoux	766	763	100	Hilda Peel
Murray	530	445½	84	Mabell A. Smith
Murray South	735	614½	84	Beatrice M. Turner
Nampa	809	820	101	Ida N. Cafferty
Napa	381	335	88	LaVaun L. Allen
Nebo	617	563½	91	Leona S. Crouch
New Jersey	269	277	103	Dorothy A. Keatley
New Orleans	416	347	83	Evelyn G. Tolbert
New York	338	352	104	Thyra Stoddard
North Box Elder	772	730	95	Sarah T. Rasmussen
North Carbon	594	447	75	Parthenia H. Rhead
North Davis	640	607	95	Helen W. Barber
North Idaho Falls	966	1024	106	Ina Oswald
North Jordan	438	399½	91	Vonda L. Sharp
North Pocatello	575	607½	106	Tura Hadley
North Rexburg	666	638	96	Myrtle B. Park
North Sanpete	671	534	80	Ruth E. Erickson
North Seattle	572	462	81	Lillian Bulman
North Sevier	414	354	86	Rhea Mickelsen
North Tooele	496	504	102	Mildred Sagers
North Weber	632	507	80	Nellie Opheikens
Norwalk	434	424	98	Norma Schauers
Nyssa	429	473	110	Sarah Canfield
Oakland-Berkeley	784	684	87	Vera Weindorf
Ogden	651	619	95	Chloe F. Summerill
Oklahoma	272	252	93	Frances Boden
Olympus	473	498	105	Dorothy H. Handy
Oneida	685	541	79	Junelin P. Auger
Oquirrh	593	638½	108	Dorothy Smith
Orange County	439	450	103	Elizabeth Reynolds
Orlando	198	171	86	Leila Prevatt
Palmyra	654	619	95	Paulla C. Willes
Palo Alto	519	480	92	Vivian M. Anderson
Palomar	256	194	76	Elizabeth G. Wahlen
Panguitch	484	463	96	Beth R. Tebbs
Park	782	686	88	Pearl E. Rohde
Parleys	438	451	103	Hazel S. Robison
Parowan	376	289	77	Mary L. Stubbs
Pasadena	756	764½	101	Maude F. Lester
Philadelphia	278	256	92	Pauline G. Bishop
Phoenix	509	658	129	Marie S. Heywood
Phoenix North	569	678	119	Rose Openshaw
Pikes Peak	268	250	93	Dorothy L. Newton
Pioneer	631	529½	84	Rura J. Woodall
Pocatello	466	502½	108	Anna Egbert
Portland	819	766	94	Arelie Reznick
Portneuf	491	435	89	Goldie Toler
Provo	512	514½	100	Myrtle M. Clayson
Puget Sound	416	349½	84	Selna F. Burbidge
Raft River	198	174	88	Alice O. Neddo
Redondo	530	421	79	Enid M. York
Reno	726	663	91	Mabel C. Barnard
Reseda	662	668½	101	Eleanor S. Christensen
Rexburg	658	852	129	Beth Moore
Richland	573	514	90	Beth H. Rowe
Rigby	811	788	97	Ruey A. Ball
Riverdale	631	530	84	Rhoda W. Priest
Riverside	696	593	85	Bess Davis
Riverton	454	380	84	Blanche B. Densley

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1960

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Roosevelt	570	445	78	Katie Duncan
Rose Park	756	703	93	Jacqueline Loewen
Sacramento	588	552	94	Adelle M. Gorsch
St. George	944	854½	91	Agnes S. Pickett
St. Johns	502	531	106	Glenda G. Pulsipher
St. Joseph	572	625	109	Nira P. Lee
St. Louis	206	214	104	Tessie Lake
Salmon River	192	156	81	Keturah Moultrie
Salt Lake	813	625	77	Frances L. Kooyman
San Bernardino	625	620	99	Valeer M. Jolley
San Diego	661	751	114	Joan Knudson
San Diego East	592	632	107	Enid Miller
Sandy	675	542	80	Retha H. Sheriff
San Fernando	639	602	94	Elva Kershaw
San Francisco	422	364	86	Gertrude P. Terry
San Joaquin	655	738	113	Ethel M. Martin
San Jose	442	406	92	Ruth W. Calvert
San Juan	598	525	88	Eloise B. Mahon
San Luis	510	403	79	Opal McDaniel
San Luis Obispo	244	210	86	Janet Maughan
San Mateo	549	455	83	R. Elaine Pendleton
Santa Ana	496	544	110	Dorene M. Sheldon
Santa Barbara	344	374	109	Marion E. Haws
Santa Monica	807	759	94	Gwen A. Cannon
Santa Rosa	303	294	97	Verna F. Baldwin
Santaquin-Tintic	404	320	79	Sylvia Steck
Seattle	698	619	89	Laura C. Bronner
Sevier	846	850½	101	Inez R. Dalton
Sharon	377	347	92	Vaneese Woffinden
Shelley	716	860	120	Beth M. Clawson
Shreveport	362	278	77	Margaret H. Tucker
Smithfield	691	539	78	Sadie B. Elder
Snowflake	637	596	94	Adele H. Ballard
South Bear River	617	634	103	Vilate Archibald
South Blackfoot	657	558	85	Agnes D. Cox
South Davis	817	688	84	Gwen M. Horsley
South Idaho Falls	829	921	111	Violet Jaussi
South Los Angeles	696	1463	210	Amelia Dellenbach
South Ogden	460	358	78	Hazel Goodwin
South Salt Lake	510	529	104	Hannah Dietrich
South Sanpete	771	608½	79	Ethel S. Hughes
South Sevier	473	362	77	Vera Smith
South Summit	420	348	83	Josephine S. Wagstaff
Southern Arizona	326	289	89	Maud Post
Spanish Fork	636	553	87	Virginia W. Gardner
Spokane	562	461	82	Pauline Bastian
Springville	626	508	81	Donetta Anthon
Star Valley	702	633	90	Dorothy L. Worthen
Sugar House	931	940	101	Nellie J. Ehlers
Summit	352	270	77	Helen Boyer
Taber	371	347	94	Emma B. Harris
Tacoma	319	301	94	Nettie Beake
Taylor	695	680	98	Ruth S. Hovey
Taylorsville	384	361	94	Marjorie E. Coats
Temple View	758	805½	106	Mabel E. Snow
Teton	492	402½	82	Davida Green
Timpanogos	765	629	82	Vera Matthews
Tooele	489	441	90	Jewel Halgren
Toronto	354	404	114	Irene W. Krist
Torrance	409	422	103	Peggy J. Eckard
Tucson	529	485	92	Belva Jones
Tulsa	216	191	88	Virginia L. Jacobson
Twin Falls	872	859	99	Carrie Webb
Uintah	468	443	95	Laura Simmons

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Union	560	559	100	MarJean Westerfield
University West	584	517½	89	Maud W. Johnson
Utah	570	485	85	Bertha Memmott
Uvada	319	281	88	Martha H. Bleak
Valley View	548	514	94	Dorie N. Walton
Vancouver	190	190	100	Edna Brown
Virginia	392	433	110	Cassandra L. Waddoups
Walnut Creek	618	689	111	Marie D. Barber
Wasatch	722	697	97	Leda E. M. Titus
Washington	785	681	87	Rubye D. Mikesell
Weber Heights	469	485	103	Lorena E. Francis
Weiser	555	525	95	Irene H. Winegar
Wells	865	870	101	Edith H. Koelliker
West Boise	645	671	104	Myrtle B. Oborn
West Covina	514	549	107	Lucille C. Hales
West Jordan	591	467	79	Phebe W. Johnson
West Pocatello	430	437	102	Alta Holmes
West Sharon	366	284	78	Marion W. Bonham
West Utah	690	680	99	Edith G. Baum
Whittier	448	509	114	Juanita Singley
Wilford	568	568½	100	Amy Gerrard
Winder	407	327	80	Charlottie B. Poulton
Woodruff	561	592	106	Naomi B. Harris
Yellowstone	817	771	94	Myrle M. White
Young	595	582	98	Iva Sterling
Yuma	270	306	113	Effie Nowland
Zion Park	395	347	88	Pearl W. Strattan

MISSIONS ON HONOR ROLL—1960

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
British	789	843	107	Beulah Woodbury
California	179	146	82	LaPriel S. Bunker
Canadian	338	407	120	Frances J. Monson
Central Atlantic States	1274	990	78	Catherine W. Aposhian
Central States	929	896	96	Marcella Meador
East Central States	976	749	77	Delilah L. Brown
Eastern Atlantic States	502	377	75	Thelma Irene O'Hill
Eastern States	541	525	97	Olive L. Smith
Great Lakes	891	745	84	Jane Twitchell
Gulf States	522	434	83	Emma A. Hanks
New England	938	739	79	May F. Carr
North Central States	411	364	89	Joie M. Hilton
Northern California	657	637	97	Leta C. Pugh
Northern States	858	840	98	Mary E. Maycock
Northwestern States	1046	1048	100	Verna Geneal L. Wood
Southern Australian	278	214	77	Edna M. Ord
Southern States	1122	845	75	Elva Stella Ravsten
West Central States	1055	1001	95	Hazel Woolley
Western Canadian	156	183	117	Lila A. Arave
Western States	383	477	125	Ada S. Christiansen

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

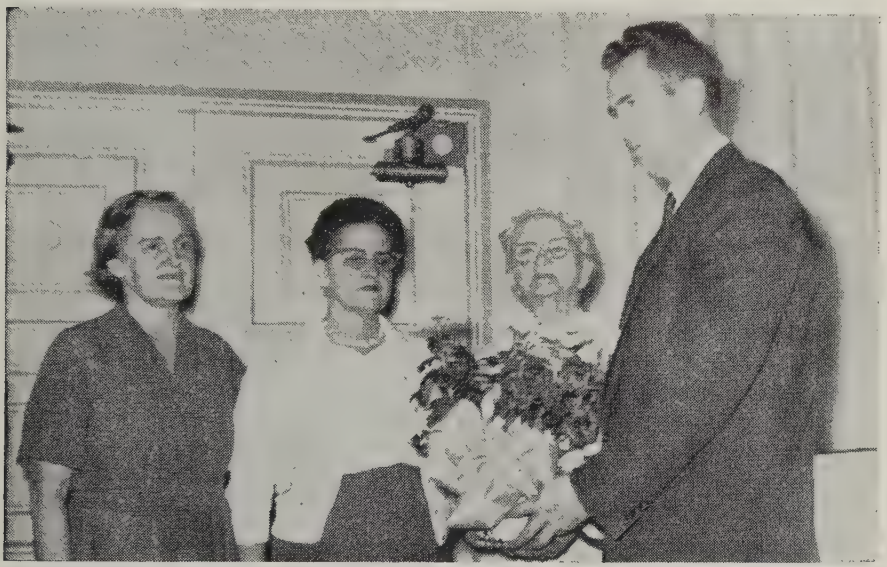
RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Ada K. Sneddon

RENO STAKE (NEVADA), MOUNT ROSE AND MOUNT ROSE SECOND WARDS JOIN IN "NURSERY IS FUN" PROJECT

Ada K. Sneddon, President, Reno Stake Relief Society, reports: "The day the Mount Rose Ward moved into its new chapel, the ward was divided. Right then the Relief Society sisters decided that they would improve their nursery program. Since both wards would be using the same facilities in the new building, they agreed on a joint project. Dagna MacGill became chairman. She arranged two parties for the nursery children. Each child brought a gift of a new or good used toy, nicely wrapped, to give and share. These were placed under the Christmas tree on arrival. After a story and singing period, the gifts were distributed. Each child unwrapped and showed his gift to the others, then placed it in its proper place in the toy cupboard or box. Lunch was served immediately, then the children played with their new gifts.

"Each week the nursery teacher prepares a program of interest, learning, and activity, using these toys and equipment. Gradually more items are added, permitting more flexibility in the program. The result is interested, happy children. Happy children make happy mothers. Attendance at Relief Society is improving, since children are reluctant to leave the nursery when meetings are over."



Photograph submitted by Gertrude M. Richards

TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, January 27, 1961

Left to right: Gertrude M. Richards, President, Timpanogos Stake Relief Society; Mabell Webb Jense, President, Pleasant Grove Second Ward Relief Society; Lucinda N. Pearce, who has served as a visiting teacher for fifty-eight years; Elder Boyd L. Fugal, President, Timpanogos Stake.

Sister Richards reports: "The Timpanogos Stake Visiting Teachers Convention was held in Pleasant Grove, January 27, 1961. The convention centered on the theme 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and featured music by the stake Singing Mothers chorus, and an address by Stake President Boyd L. Fugal.

"Specially honored were thirty-two sisters who had served thirty years or more as visiting teachers. The eldest, in point of service, was Sister Lucinda M. Pearce, with fifty-eight years. Sister Pearce was called to be a visiting teacher at the age of twenty-three, and has served also as ward president, counselor, and class leader, but in all these callings continued as a visiting teacher. While living in Vernal, Utah, her district covered a distance of nine miles, round trip, which she traveled by team and wagon, horse and buggy, or by walking. Left a widow, with eight children, she was married to William A. Pearce, and helped to rear his eight children with her own. As part of her Relief Society work, she has put the first clothing on more than fifty new babies, and helped prepare the dead for burial. She was released as a visiting teacher only because arthritis has made walking difficult for her.

"As an expression of appreciation for the devoted service given by Sister Pearce, her ward Relief Society President Mabell Webb Jense gave a tribute to her, and President Boyd L. Fugal presented her a potted chrysanthemum."

Photograph submitted by Ora M. Gardner

DESERET STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, AND LEADERSHIP MEETINGS

Seated in front (in dark dresses), right to left: Roma Ekins, organist; Joyce Long, chorister.

Ora M. Gardner, President, Deseret Stake Relief Society, stands third from the right on the fifth row.

Sister Gardner reports: "This chorus has been very active, and we have enjoyed their beautiful music at stake quarterly conference, the visiting teachers convention, and at each of our leadership meetings during the year. The Singing Mothers are now working on an Easter cantata to be presented in April."

Photograph submitted by Jane H. Schipaanboord

LIBERTY STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD HONORS RETIRING BOARD AT SOCIAL
December 6, 1960

Front row, left to right, retiring board members: Cynthia Smith, chorister; Carol Youd, work meeting leader; Ruth Kroescher, Work Director Counselor; Verna Hunter, President; Nan Jones, organist; Margaret Allen, *Magazine* representative; Jane Jones, social science class leader.

Back row, standing, left to right, present stake board members: Pearl Day; Nettie Stout; Lillian Janke; Rhea McRae; Ila Hatton, Education Counselor; Jane Schipaan-

boord, President; Merida Huntsman, Work Director Counselor; Relda Hardy; Maurine McClean and Aleta Checketts (sisters having special assignments); Miriam Lieber; Luella Birrell.

Also serving on the board, but not present when the picture was taken, are: Picola Wood and Lois Janke.

President Schipaanboord reports: "The reception was held in the assembly room of the Relief Society Building. A reception line was formed by the retiring board members where they greeted over 350 Relief Society sisters comprising the ten wards of Liberty Stake. Many former ward and stake members also attended to mingle and renew companionship. The current stake officers acted as hostesses in greeting and welcoming those present. The occasion gave the sisters an opportunity to visit with former stake board members, as well as a chance to view the lovely Relief Society Building. Refreshments were served. The afternoon was one of enjoyment and inspiration. Sister Hunter has served as stake Relief Society President for the past seven and one-half years."

Photograph submitted by Rhoda C. Taylor

MEXICAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND DISTRICT OFFICERS AT BREADMAKING DEMONSTRATON

Front row, left to right: Bertha Morales; Natividad Cardosa; Cipri Valencia.

Second row, left to right: Elena Villalobos; Reyna Molina; Raquel Saunders; Severiana Mesa; Maria Delgado.

Back row, left to right: Rhoda C. Taylor, President, Mexican Mission Relief Society; Anna Rodriguez; Lorenzo Mesa (with head turned); Jeannette Hubbert; Ella Farnsworth.

Sister Taylor reports: "Sharing ideas and learning new activities are engaged in by the mission and district officers of the Mexican Mission Relief Society, exemplified during a recent district meeting. The baking of brown and sweet bread was a part of the demonstration presented by Cipri Valencia. Various work meeting instructions were given, along with helps for branch preparation meetings, and each district officer was also given a box of used clothes to be distributed among branch Relief Society presidents to be remodeled or used as needed. Mission and district officers meet regularly to prepare for coming months, sharing ideas and discussing improvements which the district officers present to the branch Relief Societies of the mission."

Photograph submitted by Hazel G. Kitch

CHICAGO STAKE (ILLINOIS) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT TWO CONCERTS AS A BUILDING FUND PROJECT

Standing at the left in the front row is organist Veldron Matheson; accompanist Naomi Graves stands in the third row, sixth from the right. Director Bernice Lindsey stands at the right in the second row.

Hazel G. Kitch, President, Chicago Stake Relief Society, reports: "On October 29, 1960, the Chicago Stake Singing Mothers presented their 'Concert in Autumn' at the stake house in Wilmette, Illinois, before an audience of stake members. On December 3, 1960, it was performed in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The program was in two parts: Part I.—'This Is My Country,' and Part II.—'This Is My Church.' Both concerts were building fund projects for the new stake house. Nine wards were represented in this Singing Mothers chorus. Plans and rehearsals for the 1961 concert are now underway."

Photograph submitted by Ruth J. Harrison

ROSE PARK STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, January 21, 1961

Front row, left to right, beginning fifth from the left: Ruth Pack, organist; Clea M. Fowler, Second Counselor; Ruth J. Harrison, President; Ruth G. Murphy, First Counselor; Vauna Moosman, Secretary-Treasurer; Marilyn Mecham, chorister.

Sister Harrison reports: "This very successful convention featured an original skit written by board members Marjorie Pehrson and Ruth Steenblik. Two musical selections by the Singing Mothers highlighted the convention, under the direction of chorister Marilyn Mecham and accompanist Ruth Pack. Members of the Singing Mothers group came from all eight wards of the stake. Seven of the eight wards were commended

for visiting every district in their wards each month during the past year. The other ward missed by one district one month. Special recognition was given to Rose Park Eighth Ward for having the largest percentage of visiting teachers at the convention and at the monthly report meetings during the past year. Alice Campbell, visiting teacher message leader from Rose Park Eighth Ward, gave an inspirational talk on 'Joys of Service in Relief Society.' Stake President Joseph F. Steenblik was present and spoke to the group, paying tribute to the visiting teachers and offering words of encouragement."

Photograph submitted by Hattie B. Maughan

UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY STAKE, FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, December 11, 1960

Lorraine Palmer, Fifth Ward work meeting leader, is shown displaying some of the bazaar toys to the children, left to right: Jay Peterson, Shelley Crockett, Kent Bills, and Jay Bills.

Hattie B. Maughan, President, Utah State University Stake, reports: "We felt that perhaps this picture, with emphasis on the catering to the needs and the pocket books of parents with small children, was quite representative of our stake. Our wards in which the Relief Society membership consists largely of young mothers meet at night, thus eliminating the necessity of maintaining a nursery. Father's role as a baby sitter is an important one, and I have come to appreciate these co-operative young fathers quite as much as their capable young wives."

Photograph submitted by Marjorie M. Reeve

KANSAS CITY STAKE VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION
January 18, 1961

Visiting teachers with twenty years of service or more, front row, left to right: Myrtle Watkins; Josephine Johnson; Emma Wilhelm; Nellie Preator; Juanita Sharp.

Second row, left to right: Elizabeth Dopp; Estella Barker; Elda Black; Juanita Smith; Ruby Harris; Frida Waters; Olive Kallstrom; Helen Smith.

Back row, left to right: Hattie Dillon; Marian Crow; Cloe Pope; Juanita Black.

Marjorie M. Reeve, President, Kansas City Stake Relief Society, reports: "Our visiting teachers convention was held January 18, 1961. We had a lovely program. The visiting teachers were all honored with a calendar which had the responsibilities of a visiting teacher printed on it. Each sister who had been a visiting teacher over twenty years was presented with a beautiful corsage. A social followed. Eighty-seven per cent of the visiting teachers of the stake were present."

Photograph submitted by Dolores C. Fife

NEW ORLEANS STAKE (LOUISIANA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, March 1960

Front row, left to right, beginning ninth from the left, former officers: Eliza W. Barletter, First Counselor; Norma J. Garriga, Secretary-Treasurer; Dolores C. Fife, President; Pearl Thames, chorister.

Sister Fife reports: "This is the first chorus to be organized in our stake since it was organized in June 1955. In the past thirty-two years of the Church here in this

area, this is the first time for a large group of sisters to get together and sing. Two lovely numbers were presented. The sisters whose names are not listed make up the presidencies and teachers of twenty-one Relief Societies in our stake. Pearl Thames organized the Singing Mothers, but because of distance, the various ward groups practiced in their own wards, and all got together for the March 1960 conference for the first time."

Beulah Burgon Larson is the recently appointed president of New Orleans Stake Relief Society.

Woman's Choice

Lula Walker

The air was warm, a touch of breeze
Astir in new-leafed maple trees —
A made-to-order day for cleaning.
She pictured floors and windows gleaming.
Then neighbors tapped her windowpane —
"The weather's fine, no hint of rain,
Let's picnic in the woods. We've room";
She declined. Gay voices echoed fun
While she hung woolens out to sun.
All done, at evening, she relaxed.
Her windows shone, floors freshly waxed,
A spotless house, but was it worth
The price, with spring upon the earth?

Beauty

Arlene D. Cloward

THIS last summer I learned the true definition of the word beauty. My little family and I started along the skyline drive with our car packed to overflowing with camping gear, and excited anticipation. We followed a rutted, dusty road which wound steadily up among trees dipping leafy boughs in a lacy arch above us. Occasionally, the foliage parted to reveal a sparkling stream trickling merrily along, dashing sun-splashed ripples against the protruding rocks. Pine trees rose lofty and solemn amid lush meadows of softly whispering grass. Brilliant blue wild flowers raised proud blossoms to mirror the sky, and small, golden-faced buds unfolded beneath the sun's caress.

A buck, regal and proud, moved smoothly among the shimmering aspens, turning his velvety, widespread antlers slowly in our direction. He eyed us carefully, and then, with a profound grace, he moved his powerful body and sprang effortlessly up the hillside and disappeared.

The road stopped its steep climbing and leveled out. We were on the very skyline, gazing out over breathtaking stretches of valleys and mountains flung out to the horizon in a haze of color.

I glanced at my two excited little boys, their blue eyes wide with joy. And as I had seen beauty in the proud mantle of the trees, the ripple of the stream, the glory of the blossoms, and the majesty of the buck, I now saw beauty in the faces of two little boys.

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..... COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER—Madsen ..... .20

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..... GO YE FORTH WITH MY WORD—Madsen ..... .25

..... IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS—Madsen .. .25

..... INCLINE YOUR EAR—Wilkes .. .25

..... IN THY FORM—Madsen ..... .20

..... LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT FOR JOY—Stephens ..... .20

..... LORD, GOD OF OUR FATHERS—Elgar ..... .25

..... LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER—Verdi ..... .20

..... LORD, WE DEDICATE THIS HOUSE TO THEE—Madsen .... .20

..... OPEN OUR EYES—Macfarlane .25

..... THE 23rd PSALM—Schubert.... .25

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Jesus

Texas A. Gladden

A man of sorrow and full of grief,
He walked this earthly sod.
That through obedience and belief,
We might come back to God.

While upon this earth he trod,
He never aspired to fame,
Yet, every blessing under God
Comes to us through his name.

He made the sick recover;
He even raised the dead.
And, yet, the lonely Son of God
Had not where to lay his head.

His mother loved him dearly,
So, she was standing by;
She saw the Savior led away
And knew that he must die.

He gave of his divine power,
And much more he had to give,
For in his last forsaken hour
He died that we might live.

The Hard Way

Celia Luce

IF I sin or do wrong in any way, I can react in two ways.

First is the easy way — I can justify myself. It just wasn't my fault, someone else made me do it; or, everyone else was doing the same thing; or, it wasn't such a bad thing, after all.

The hard thing to do is to admit my guilt and see what I can do to make things right again. It takes real courage to go to someone and say, "I was wrong, and I am sorry. What can I do to make things right again?" But this is the only way to make things right with others. Ordinarily, they will forgive us, and respect us for our courage.

Of course, we should never forget to ask God's forgiveness, also.

To Be a Grandmother

Harriet De Spain

IT is a joy and a wonder to be a grandmother. I have a little grandson who, upon seeing me come down the street toward him at play, lifts his head like a proud alerted deer, then he runs toward me shouting, "Grandma! Grandma! Grandma!" I have need to brace myself against the onslaught of his eager body. His embrace is not prolonged, for he turns and runs as fast as his little short legs allow into the house, leaving all doors open behind him as he shouts, "Grandma is here! Grandma is here!"

Surely no fanfare of trumpets or ritual of queens is as sweet and heart stirring as this heralding of my approach! My startled daughter appears. Her anxious and critical expression is reminiscent of my own young motherhood, when my emotions were so dominated by my sense of responsibility that I could only hear the noise and see the not-too-clean face, instead of the love, innocence, and devotion behind it. Surely Grandmother has the advantage of the wisdom she has gained through the years of living. I am deeply grateful for life.

My grandson allows me just a few minutes of his time, then the important business of play calls him outside. But before he goes he bestows a possessive and proud pat upon my knee, and he says, "Don't you go away."

My heart is filled with love and a little sadness, too, for I know how fleeting are these precious moments. But, however short, he has made me an important person in his life. He has made me the recipient of more love and devotion than my soul can contain. It fills me with the knowledge of God's love and goodness towards me. I resolve prayerfully to be the grandmother that my grandson thinks I am.

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Hearts

Rowena Jensen Bills

Hearts never know the poetry
in a sea of rest,
The rapture of a sunset
from the mountain's crest;
Peaceful valley dawnbreaks
reflecting crimson snow,
Magnificence of corn stalks
in the sun's bright glow;
Overflowing happiness
in a young child's laugh,
Thrill of awaited footsteps
on the garden path;
The luxury encircled
in a homely room,
Mysteries of lilac-time
and rosebuds first in bloom;
Nostalgia from a perfume
or a white lace glove,
Unless they have walked intimately
with beauty and with love.

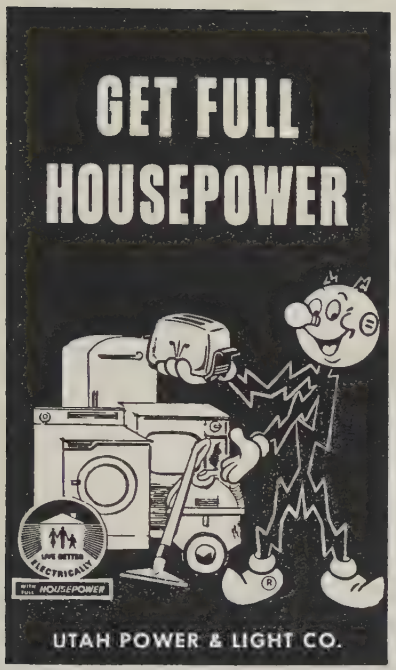
Twin Seas

Ethel Jacobson

Above high-tide line swells
Another undulant sea,
Patterned in stars and bells—
This wildflower tapestry:

Poppies' gold, newly minted;
Sea pinks, seashell-tinted;
Strawberry blossoms, white and jade;
Seaside-daisies, silken rayed;
Paintbrushes' crimson plumes;
Monkey flowers' creamy blooms;
Mauve verbena; and the beach
Morning glories' frosty peach.

Above the gleaming strand
This flood of many hues
Foams over silver sand
To meet the ocean's blues.



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Except for the Daisies

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Except for the daisies, running riot
Over the meadow, it is quiet.

Quiet as green grass making a way
To the light of earth's noon-filled day;

Or as a purple violet
Hiding in shadows, shaded, wet;

Quiet as leaves after a storm,
Glistening cool, summer warm;

Quiescent as my turmoiled soul,
Now replenished and made whole

Accepting his gift, the cross on the hill.
Except for the daisies, all is still.

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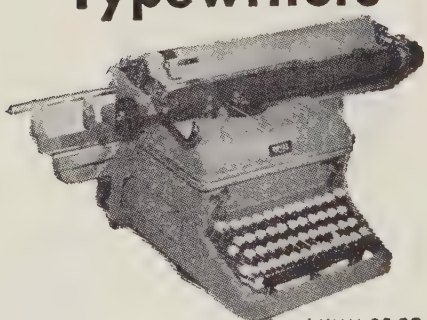

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Grace Barker Wilson

Grandchild, so beautiful, beloved,
Laugh while yet the day
Is full of shining sunbeams.
Fill well your soul with light
To guide you through the dark
Of times past all believing
When years have come and gone.

Gaze long on lovely things;
Hold close your visions, dreams,
And castles in the air.
Some day you will remember
And be glad for golden days
Of innocence and joy.
Grandchild, so beautiful, beloved.

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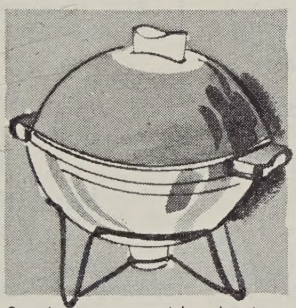

Serving oven with aluminum basket. Copper 'n' snow by West Bend. Heat and serve many foods. Heats on top of the range, 4.98.

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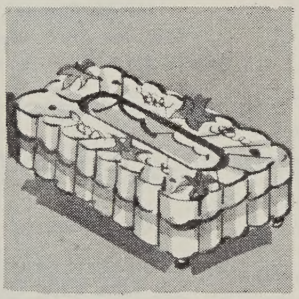

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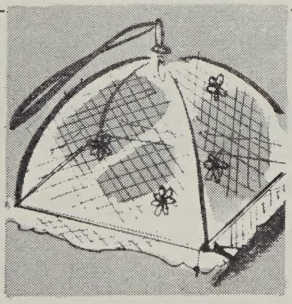

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Mrs. Annie E. Moffett
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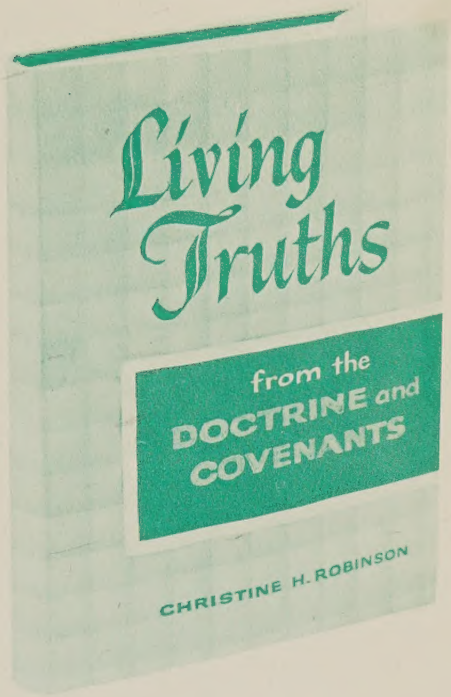

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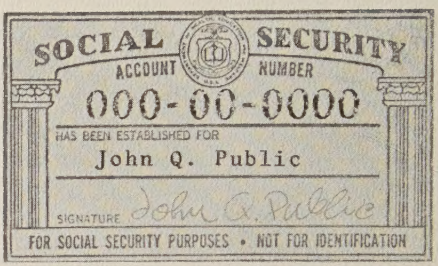

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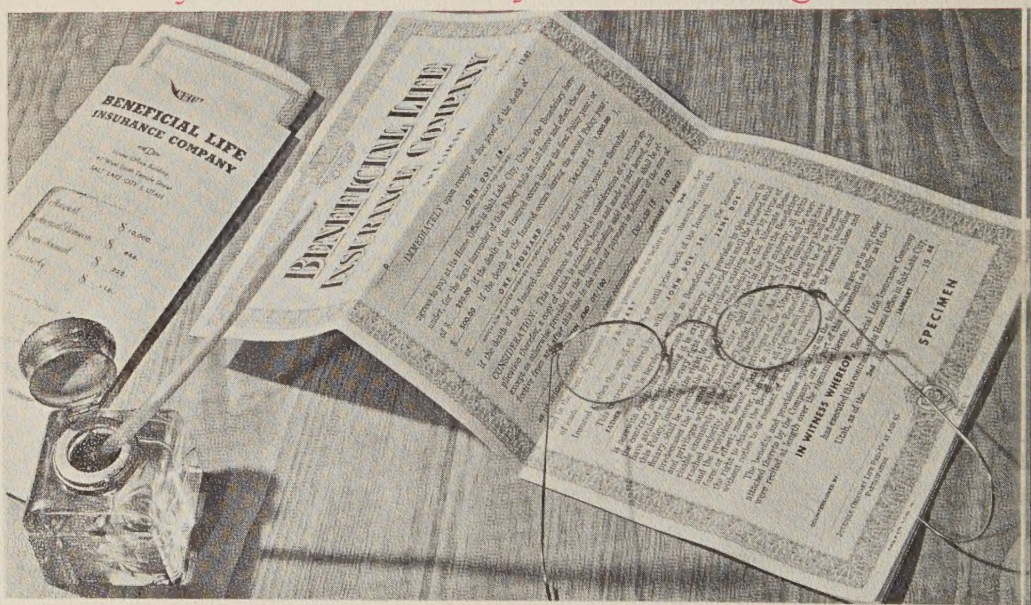

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